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HAPPY DAYS

A PAPER FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

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No. 1

JACK WRIGHT, AND FRANK READE, JR., The Two Young Inventors; or, BRAINS AGAINST BRAINS.

A Thrilling Story of a Race Around the World for \$10,000.

By "NONAME."

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Jack Wright and his wonderful submarine boat, and Frank Reade, Jr., and his latest flying invention, in which they are racing around the world. See opening chapters on next page.

Jack Wright, and Frank Reade, Jr., the Two Young Inventors.

By "NONAME."

CHAPTER I.

A WONDERFUL RACE.

"You can't beat me!"
"In a race around the world?"
"Exactly so."
"I'll bet you five thousand dollars I can."

"Done! I'll take that wager."
"Put up your money."
"I'll write a check. The president of this organization can be the stakeholder."
"Agreed! The race can then be arranged under the auspices of the Science Club."

The speakers were the two most wonderful young inventors in the world. They stood clasping hands in the brilliantly illuminated parlor of a rich and exclusive organization in the City of Boston on the night of March 15th, 18—.

A large number of gentlemen, in evening dress, filled the magnificently furnished room, to partake of a banquet, in honor of Frank Reade, Jr., and Jack Wright, whom the president (as a mutual friend of both inventors,) had brought together that night and introduced.

Between the two famous inventors there was a marked contrast.

Frank Reade, Jr., was a tall, athletic young man, with a handsome face, clear, sparkling blue eyes, an intellectual forehead, and an easy, careless air.

He had become noted by inventing the most marvelous steam and electrical machines, for traveling on land, sea, and in the air.

Jack Wright, on the other hand, was a finely-built youth, of enormous strength, with a rather homely thin face, flashing black eyes, and a generous, dashing disposition.

He was an inventor of electrical and magnetic submarine boats, overland engines, and flying machines.

As soon as the bet was made, a crowd of the gentlemen surrounded the two inventors, and Harvey Maxwell, the president, exclaimed:

"I am willing to act as stakeholder, gentlemen."

"Good!" said Jack Wright, smilingly.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Reade?"

"Entirely so," assented Frank, nodding.

"Let us post the stakes to bind the agreement, and then we can arrange the details of the race."

They adjourned to the desks in the library.

As they left the parlor, a tall, thin man, with a smooth face and gray hair, who was known as Benjamin Dobbs, a speculator, turned to a dark-featured, bland-spoken individual called Tom Forrest, and asked in cold tones:

"What's the bet about anyway?"

"Oh, a race round the world," replied Forrest, pulling at his black mustache and smiling very suavely. "Reade has invented a flying machine. Wright has invented a new submarine boat. They were discussing the merits of their contrivances. Both claimed superiority for their inventions. Reade declared he could girdle the earth quicker in his air-ship than Wright could do it with his submarine boat. The result was the bet we witnessed."

"Thank you!" said Dobbs, with a cold bow, and a colder glare at the short, thick-set Forrest, for he and the dark featured man hated each other, owing to a business disagreement they once had; although, when they met socially, they managed to tolerate each other for the sake of appearances.

"My sympathies are with Reade," Forrest said, in soft purring tones, "for I'm acquainted with him, and have seen his flying machine."

"And mine are with Wright, as I've seen his boat, and like him," replied Dobbs, warmly. "And what's more, although I am not a gambler, I'm ready to bet a cool thousand he will win."

"Indeed," sneered Forrest, stung by the allusion to a gambler, as he was one, and his face flushed darkly. "I'd like to take you up on that."

"Very well," was Dobbs' curt reply.

"You'll lose."

"Not if I can prevent it," muttered Forrest, vehemently.

They settled the affair on the spot.

Going into the library, they found that Reade and Wright had embodied the terms of their agreement in a legal contract.

The secretary of the club then read it aloud to the assemblage:

"It is hereby agreed that a race around the world shall take place between Frank Reade, Jr., of Readestown, and Jack Wright, of Wrightstown, for a stake of \$10,000, the winner to receive all."

"Mr. Reade is to travel westward, through the air, in a flying machine, and Mr. Wright to go eastward, in the Atlantic Ocean, in a submarine boat."

"The start will be made at exactly 12 o'clock, noon, on March 20, 18—, from Eagle Rock Park,

on the coast, and the course shall be as near in a perfect circle around the world as can be made by both contestants."

"It is agreed that the president of the Science Club be the stakeholder and appoint two judges, one to accompany each machine, whose duty shall be to see that each contestant shall give a fair, impartial race."

"No time stipulation shall be made, except that the first one to reach this club house, upon the return, shall be declared the winner."

(Signed) "JACK WRIGHT,

"FRANK READE, JR."

"Witnessed: HARVEY MAXWELL,

"President."

A murmur of approbation ran round the room when this document was read, and the two checks for \$5,000 a piece were shown.

There were four individuals in the room who then expressed themselves in a very peculiar manner—four men in dress-suits, who looked about as miserable in such clothing as if they were in straight-jackets.

"Hurroo!" yelled one of them, a red-headed Irishman, with a freckled face and a pug nose. "Hurroo fer Frank Reade, Jr. Be heavens, it's bate we have him afore they start!"

His name was Barney O'Shea, and he was a faithful friend of Frank's.

There was a diminutive, long-armed darky named Pomp standing beside him who was also a friend of the young wizard of Readestown, and he shouted:

"Fo' de Lawd, gemmen, de ain't no use ob tryin' de race. Dar nebber was a chile in dis yere hull worl' what's gwine ter beat Massa Frank."

"Awast thar w' yer blowin', my hearty," roared an old sailor, with a sandy beard, a glass eye, and a wooden leg, who stood near, industriously chewing a quid of plug tobacco. "Mebbe we kin outsail ye, an' mebbe we can't. But dash my tolighters if we don't try werry hard. When this ere race is over it'll be time fer yer ter howl."

His name was Tim Topstay, and he was devoted to Jack Wright.

Beside him stood a little fat Dutchman named Fritz Schneider, with yellow hair and smooth, rosy cheeks, and as he was a hot-tempered youth and greatly attached to Jack, he exclaimed:

"Py Shiminey Christmas, I tink so neider! Und vof's more, if ve don't lick yer, I'll punch me your noses troo your face alretty!"

A roar of laughter escaped the gentlemen present when they heard these remarks from the four adherents of the two inventors.

When the merriment abated, Mr. Maxwell exclaimed:

"As I am to appoint two judges to accompany the air-ship and submarine boat, I wish to ask two gentlemen present if they will perform the duty. Both are men of plenty leisure, and while one is an enthusiast over ballooning, the other I know to have once been greatly devoted to yachting. The latter is Benjamin Dobbs, and the former, Tom Forrest. Would either of you gentlemen object to serving?"

Every one in the room glanced at the men named.

For a moment there was an intense silence.

Then Forrest exclaimed in low, soft tones:

"I am willing to go, but I beg to state I am prejudiced in favor of Mr. Reade."

"And I will go," said Dobbs, "but Mr. Wright has my sympathy."

"I am glad you are both prejudiced that way," said Mr. Maxwell with a smile, "for then we shall be sure of gaining an impartial decision, for I now appoint Mr. Dobbs to accompany Mr. Reade, while Mr. Forrest can go with Mr. Wright. There can, consequently, be no favor shown."

Instead of either of the judges objecting to this arrangement, they seemed to be exceedingly pleased, and Forrest muttered softly:

"A better plan couldn't be devised. I'll go with Wright, but he will be lucky if I don't prevent him winning the race, so I can win Dobbs' money. Besides, I don't like Wright anyway!"

Dobbs was watching Forrest.

He seemed to read the man's mind.

"That treacherous hound will try to delay Wright," he thought, angrily, "and will do all he can to baffle him. I can see it in his evil looks. But he won't get the best of me that way. Reade will never win that race if I can thwart him."

Unaware of the wicked purposes of the two judges, the club men now adjourned to the banquet hall, and there sat down to a grand feast, with the young inventors at each end of the table.

Barney and Pomp sat on each side of Frank, while Tim and Fritz were at the right and left of Jack.

These loyal friends and servitors always accompanied Jack and Frank on the dangerous trips they made in their various inventions.

At the conclusion of the banquet at a late hour, the young inventors shook hands before parting, and Frank said:

"I shall be at the starting place at the appointed time, Mr. Wright."

"Very well, sir. And you will find this will be a severe contest," said Jack.

"Brains against brains," laughed Frank good-naturedly.

"Yes, brains against brains," Jack answered gravely.

They then parted and left Boston in trains going in opposite directions.

Preparations for the race were begun next day, and they both quickly got their wonderful inventions ready for the journey of 25,000 miles.

On the day before departure Tom Forrest appeared in Wrightstown equipped for the submarine voyage, and on the same day Benjamin Dobbs reported at Readestown ready for his trip through the clouds.

Promptly on the morning of the 20th the two inventions were at Eagle Rock Park on the coast, where all the members of the Science Club were assembled to witness the start.

The great aluminum air-ship stood in a clearing among the trees, near the shore, while in the water beyond the surf laid the cylindrical submarine boat, both machines having their electric mechanism ready to operate their huge driving screws.

Midway between them stood Mr. Maxwell, his watch in his hand, while gathered round were all the anxiously interested spectators.

It was almost twelve o'clock, and the day was beautiful.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" shouted Maxwell, presently.

"Ready!" cried Jack, from the pilot-house of his boat.

"Ready!" replied Frank, at the same time, from the turret of the air-ship.

"It's twelve o'clock. Go!"

A tremendous cheer burst from the spectators, as the flying machine shot up in the air, and the boat dashed straight out to sea at almost the same instant, launched on their marvelous journeys.

Away they went at a furious pace, until at last the air-ship disappeared in the clouds, and the submarine boat sunk out of sight beneath the surface of the rolling sea.

CHAPTER II.

DOWN IN THE DEEP.

JACK WRIGHT'S submarine boat was a steel cylinder, built on a massive frame, 150 feet long by 20 feet in diameter, designed to withstand a great water pressure.

The pilot house, in which Jack stood steering, had a heavy plate glass dome, while aft of the railed deck, was an under water exit door.

A row of deadlights ran along each side of the hull, there was a search-light of 250,000 candle power forward, illuminated by a direct current generator, while the screw was revolved by an electric motor, coupled to an alternating current dynamo in the hold.

The switches, levers, cut-outs, and electric meters were in the turret, so that the pilot had complete mastery of all the boat's mechanism, and as soon as Jack pulled the starting-lever, the boat rushed away.

The young inventor peered ahead, out the window, and in a few moments caught view of an object floating in the sea that brought a cry of dismay from his lips, and caused him to shout frantically:

"Fritz! Tim! Come up here—quick—for heaven's sake!"

The Dutchman, who was an expert electrician, had been examining the machinery, while Tim was lubricating the journals; but the moment they heard Jack's startled cry, they rushed up the spiral metal stairs.

"Donner vetter!" gasped Fritz, as he burst into the turret. "Vos iss?"

"There's a small sailboat capsized off yonder," hastily answered the young inventor. "I see two people clinging to the keel and I am heading for them as fast as the Sea Serpent will go. Run out on deck and lend them a hand when we reach them."

"But, gee-whiz, my hearty," said Tim, "if yer loses time goin' out o' yer course right at ther start Reade'll beat us."

"Win or lose I'll never desert a human being in distress!" cried Jack, ringing, "and Tim, I know you'll agree with me."

"Ay, ay, now," replied the old sailor. "Yer right, my lad; we can't lose werry much time anyway, an' a good deed is always repaid."

And on dashed the Sea Serpent until it hove close to the boat when Tim stumped out on deck to lend Fritz his assistance.

Jack now saw that it was an old man and a young girl clinging to an overturned cat-boat, and heard them shriek in despairing tones:

"Help! help! help!"

"Hang on a few minutes longer and we will save you!" screamed Jack.

"My strength is most gone," hoarsely cried the man in tones of agony.

Up to the overturned boat sped the Sea Serpent, and just as the unlucky pair were about to let go their desperate clutch Tim and Fritz pulled them aboard.

"Safe!" roared the old sailor. "Hard aport! Jack, veer off, my lad."

"Thank God!" burst fervently from the saved man's lips. "My daughter and I could not have held on two minutes longer. We were exhausted."

"Vos yer been by der vater long vunct?" asked Fritz, pityingly.

"Several hours. A squall capsized my boat while we were enjoying a sail for pleasure. I assure you we are grateful for this rescue, and—"

"Leiber Gott! vot's der medder mit der gerl?"

She had merely fainted from excess of joy over being saved, and they carried her inside, and set about to restore her senses.

When she revived both she and her father were amazed to find themselves aboard a submarine boat, and after some conversation Jack smilingly asked them:

"Would you like to see how it looks beneath the sea?"

"Assuredly, sir," replied the old gentleman, eagerly. "It would be a rare treat."

"Then I shall submerge the boat," said Jack, "and as I see a ship bearing down upon us several leagues away, I will afterwards put you aboard of her, so you can reach land again."

As he said this he pulled one of the levers, and it opened two valves in the bottom of the boat, admitting the brine into a huge reservoir under the flooring of the hold.

In the bow and stern were two large chambers, filled with enough air to last four men several days, and as the weight of the inrushing water overcame its buoyancy, the boat sunk under the sea.

All the windows and doors were closed and watertight, and Jack pulled another lever, which started an automatic injector spraying in the air from the reservoirs, laden with a cooling and purifying solution.

Instantly a green tinged gloom filled the interior of the boat, but before it became darker Jack turned a switch which started the incandescent electric lamps blazing in all the rooms.

They radiated a silvery glow out into the water surrounding the boat, clearly showing the inmates a singular marine scene.

Just then Tom Forrest came up from below, and learning what was going on, he peered out the glass dome with the rest.

The boat had gone down to a depth of two hundred feet before Jack closed the valves stopping the influx of brine, and turned on the search-light.

From the bed of the sea, but fifty feet below, rose an animated forest of marine trees, bushes and reeds of gigantic size, swaying with the undulating currents, amid which floated great masses of drift weed.

Numerous beautiful flowers and vines festooned the sandy wastes, the shiny, barnacle-covered rocks and patches of black mud.

Thousands of fishes of all sizes, shapes and kinds swam through the liquid depths, in the dazzling glow of the search-light, while crab-bugs and revolting creatures lurked in the dark nooks on the bottom, watching the boat with horrible protruding eyes.

"What a strange scene!" gasped Forrest in utter astonishment.

"And it is just as easy to breathe, and live down here in this boat as it is on the surface," said the rescued man, in amazed tones.

"That is because I have valves arranged to carry off the carbonic acid gas, which results from breathing the air," explained Jack, smilingly.

"But how are you going to reach the surface again?" asked the girl.

"In the hold there is a pump, by starting which I can empty the water from the ballast reservoir. As the boat lightens, the buoyancy of the air carries her to the surface. By grading the amount of ballast aboard, I can raise or lower the boat to any desired height or depth."

The boat was cutting along rapidly through the brine, the fishes and other denizens of the deep darting right and left out of her way, and Jack presently left the wheel in Tim's hands, and went below.

He emerged into a magnificent cabin, furnished with sleeping berths.

Aft of it there was a mess-room, kitchen, store-room and exit chamber.

Another spiral staircase led him into the hold, each end of which was occupied by the vast air-reservoirs.

It contained two dynamos, several motors, the machinery, a water pump, an air pump, an oil engine and hundreds of storage batteries.

When the boat was on the surface, the engine was used to work the dynamos, but as it consumed considerable air, the batteries were utilized under water, to operate the electric generators.

Jack satisfied himself that the machinery was working properly and then returned to the cabin, wherein hung two cages, containing a parrot owned by Fritz, called Bismarck, and a monkey of Tim's named Whiskers.

"Hello, Rocks, how's your heart?" yelled the bird at Jack. "Cracker! cracker!"

And the monkey bombarded him with a shower of nutshells and chatted furiously.

These mischievous pets always accompanied their masters on their voyages.

Jack laughed at them and went up into the turret, relieving Tim of the wheel, and heard the old sailor say to Tom Forrest:

"Ay, now, my lad, wot you ses about this ere boat bein' a wonder reminds me o' a leetle incident wot happened ter me when I wuz aboard o' ther ole frigate Wabash in ther navy—"

"Hold on dere!" roared Fritz, interrupting him, and rushing for the stairs. "If yer vas goin' ter shpring vun ohf your ole yarns on us, I got oud!"

Tim was an awful liar and Fritz could not bear to hear his stories.

"Awast thar yer lubber," growled the old sailor, taking a fresh chew of tobacco. "I ain't aspinnin' this ere yarn ter you. As I wuz sayin', Forrest, one time we wuz arter a pirate, an' sighthin' ther lubber's craft, off the coast o' Guinea, we chased an' overhauled him. Heavin' him a broadside wot carried away his masts, we wuz jist agoin' ter grapple his hulk, when a fog rolled atween us, an' hid him from sight. Wot did we do? Sarched fer him all over. But insid' o' findin' him, we runned ashore! Thar we wuz stuck, hard aground, wif six hours ter wait fer ther tide ter rise an' float us off ag'in. An' ter make matters wuss fer us, ther fog lifted pretty soon, when wot should we see but a tribe o' thousands o' natives rushin' down ther shore towards us. Castin' my glance out ter sea, I caught sight o' ther pirate w'd been chasin'. Thar he wuz sailin' toward us under a full head o' canvas, an' ther hull crew busy gittin' thar guns ready ter heave us a broadside. Caught between two fires—"

"How in thunder could the pirate have sailed toward you," demanded Forrest, "if you shot away his masts before the fog rolled up?"

"Oh," gasped Tim, with a guilty start. "Did I say that?"

"Yes, you did! Now where did he get his masts and rigging?"

"Why—why," stammered Tim, but he got no further, for he could not if his life depended upon it, account for the very singular fact.

Fortunately for him Fritz now began to play a mournful tune upon an old accordion down in the cabin, and as Tim hated the music, he roared:

"I reckon as I'd better splain later on, Forrest. Thar's a aggerwatin' Dutchman below wot I'm goin' ter assassinate. In five minutes I'll call yer down ter hold a inquest on his corpse!"

And with fire snapping in his solitary eye Tim stumped down into the cabin, from whence there soon emanated a sound like a small sized riot.

"I think we must be pretty near the ship I sighted awhile ago," said Jack, at this juncture. "I will send the boat to the top again."

"You have certainly shown us a wonderful scene," said the old gentleman.

"It is no longer a novelty to me," said Jack, smilingly, "for I have seen it so often that—hello! What's this? We can't rise!"

He had pulled the pump lever, but the pump failed to empty the water from the boat, and caused him to utter that startled exclamation.

A panic of fear assailed the rest, for they thought their doom was sealed.

"Good heavens, man, can't you get her to the top?" yelled Forrest.

"No. There is something the matter with the pump," replied Jack, looking around at him, surprised at his exhibition of cowardice.

"Oh," gasped the girl in horror. "Then we will perish down here!"

"Do not alarm yourself," began Jack, reassuringly. "I think I can—"

But ere he could say another word there came an awful interruption.

When he turned his head he had not noticed that the Sea Serpent was rushing straight toward a jagged mass of rocks.

Crash—bang!

It was a terrible shock.

The boat had struck the rocks.

A hole was torn in her hull.

Through the ragged opening gushed the water into the boat.

A cry of woe escaped every one as they were violently hurled to the floor, and heard the brine thundering into the ill-starred boat down in the hold.

As the pump was out of order they could not empty the boat and rise to the top. So they laid there half-stunned with horror, listened to the boat filling and wondered how long they had to live.

CHAPTER III.

UP IN THE SKY.

The moment Frank turned the electric current from the air ship's dynamos into the motors, the two big helices and the ten vertical screws whirled around, exerting a tremendous lifting power, and the Storm King soared up in the sky.

Barney, with a fiddle, and Pomp, with a banjo, sat on deck, playing a rattling tune,

and Benjamin Dobbs entered the turret, where he joined Frank.

Up, up, up they went, and the young inventor pressed an electric key, whereupon a pair of huge, parachute-like wings on each side of the light aluminum hull, spread out, and steadied it from swaying.

A dense mass of fleecy white clouds was encountered at a height of 3,000 feet from the earth, into which the air ship plunged, and became covered with moisture that drove the Irishman and the coon inside.

Here Frank stopped the ascent by causing the lifting wheels to revolve only fast enough to hold the Storm King suspended at her present height.

"Will you tell me how you gauge your ship's altitude?" asked Dobbs, in cold, metallic accents, as he watched the inventor's actions closely.

"Certainly I will, as you are likely to take your trick at the wheel with the rest of us," replied Frank in distant tones, for he had taken an instinctive dislike to Dobbs from the first. "The faster the wheels spin, the higher the air-ship will go, and vice versa. The motor controlling them runs at different speeds, regulated by this key board. Her rudder is at the bow, as that is the best place for it to steer an air-ship."

"Oh, I see. And the three driving-screws?"

"The second row of keys control them. See, I'll work them. I press the first, and that puts the sternmost screw in operation. We are going ahead now. I press the second and the starboard screw revolves. Our speed is thus increased. By pressing the third key, the port screw turns. Now we are flying ahead fifty miles an hour, against the wind."

Dobbs glanced out the window and observed the Storm King dashing along at an enormous velocity, scattering the clouds right and left.

"This is an extraordinary invention," he could not help exclaiming.

Frank smiled, and turning to his two friends he said:

"Barney, go down in the engine room, and watch the machinery awhile. It wouldn't do to let it keep working if it should be defective."

"Indade it wudn't sor," replied the Irishman with a broad grin, "unless we are afther wantin' ter break our necks, be droppin' to ther ground suddenly."

He then started on a run for the companionway, as if to carry out Frank's order, and while passing Pomp, he trod heavily upon the coon's big feet, almost pulverizing his corns.

A wild howl of agony escaped the darky, and he flew up in the air, grasping one foot, and yelled as he danced around on one leg:

"Oh, lawd amassy! I see a dead niggah!"

"Kape yer toes out av me way!" grinned Barney, for the rogue had done it intentionally, as he and Pomp were continually playing practical jokes upon one another.

"Gosh blame yo' ugly mug—wha' fo' yo' done dat?"

"Faith, thim plantations av yours waz so big, no flure waz left fer me ter shtep on, d'yer moind," laughed Barney as he paused at the head of the stairs.

"By golly, if yo' feet ain't fit fo' ter walk on, I see gwine ter teach yo' ter skate on yo' eah, Irish," roared the furious coon.

"Whoop! Cl'ar de track, de bullgine am acomin'!"

And lowering his kinky head, intending to butt Barney in the stomach, Pomp shot forward like a battering ram.

Barney was as quick as a cat, however, and leaped nimbly aside.

That left the stairs unguarded, and instead of butting his intended victim the coon dove down the companionway head first!

Bump—bump—bump—ty—bump—bump—bang! he went, and as a wild yell and a volley of groans came up from below, Barney laughed and danced around in a fever of delight.

"Stop your fooling, and go down to the engine-room!" said Frank, trying to repress a smile over the comical antics of his friends.

"Yassah," howled Pomp at the foot of the stairs. "Come down heah, yo' gorilla! I see got a ax, an' I see jist itchin' ter soak yo' in the stomach!"

"What!" gasped Barney, in dismay. "Go down there now?"

"Yes—right away," exclaimed Frank, enjoying the plight he was in.

"But, begorra, ther nagur will ait me," groaned Barney, hanging back.

"Do as I tell you, sir!" thundered Frank, ready to explode with laughter.

The Irishman pulled a long face, but as there was no help for it, he reluctantly descended the stairs, and a moment later they heard him yelling murder, mingled with a thumping sound, which plainly indicated that Pomp was evening up matters with a vengeance.

The Storm King dashed ahead with a loud whirring sound coming from her suspensory screws, and the three big driving wheels.

Within a short time she had cut her way

through the cloud and rushed into a clear space in the sunny sky.

Below her lay a vast panorama of green and yellow country, dotted here and there by settlements, and cut by rivers and streams.

In the far distance, a range of misty blue mountains rose against the horizon, while many leagues astern rolled a vast expanse of ocean.

Birds were flying through the air far below the elevation of the Storm King, while high above her, in a slow moving strata of the atmosphere was a mass of cirrus, or thin, transparent clouds, looking like delicate plumes, that indicated a change in the weather.

The afternoon wore slowly away, and the shadows of twilight fell.

Pomp had charge of the culinary department and began to prepare supper, and Frank left the wheel in Barney's hands, and went below.

The stairs led him into a magnificent saloon, behind which were ranged a series of rooms equally as handsome, for living purposes.

The Storm King's mechanism was confined to a large engine room aft, and a long narrow space between the side walls and the outer shell.

"I see you have made an extremely light machine by using aluminum in her construction," remarked Dobbs, as he went down stairs with Frank into the beautiful saloon.

"Yes, but there is a large quantity of light wood-work inside here," replied the inventor. "Wood is the same weight as aluminum. Had I used steel or any similar metal, I could not get speed enough from the helices and screws to lift so heavy a weight up into the air."

"Does she work entirely by electric power?"

"Practically she does, although I have to use an oil engine to revolve the armatures of the dynamos."

"Then you have to carry a large quantity of oil for such a long trip?"

"Yes. The big metal tank in the engine room contains hundreds of gallons. I've got to have it, though, or I could not do anything with this air-ship but let her lie on the ground."

"So," thought Dobbs. "If I were to let the oil run out of that tank that would put an end to the voyage of the air-ship until he could replenish his stock. This sort of delay may make him lose the race! I'll do it."

He did not suspect the terrible consequence which would result from this rash, desperate deed, and coldly waited for the time to come when he could carry out his diabolical purpose to defeat Frank Reade, Jr.

A short time afterwards the gloom of night settled down.

The warning of the cirrus came true, for the darkest storm clouds covered the firmament, and the electric lamps were lit on the air-ship.

Pomp served an excellent supper, and then the watch was divided, Frank and the coon assuming duty first, while Dobbs and Barney turned in for six hours' sleep.

The inventor and the darky remained in the turret, and when the Irishman had fallen fast asleep Dobbs stole quietly from his bunk, and made his way aft to the engine room.

It was dimly illuminated, but he easily found the faucet of the big oil tank, and partially turning it, let the oil run out.

It began to cover the floor and spread in all directions.

"There!" the man muttered, exultantly; "that will cripple him, if we have to land in a spot isolated from any place where he could get the tank refilled."

He then cautiously made his way back to his bunk, and getting in unseen, he laid down and listened intently, but failed to hear the noise of the oil running out of the tank.

It was impossible for him to sleep, he was so excited over what he had done, and he lay there hour after hour, intently watching the doorsill, over which he feared the oil might flow, and be detected by Frank and Pomp when they came down to turn in.

The oil did not enter, fortunately for his plan, and the coon finally came down, with a big clay pipe in his mouth, which he was smoking, and he sung out for Dobbs and Barney to go up in the turret on duty.

Both got up and dressed themselves, and the darky laid his pipe on the edge of the table and tumbled into his bunk.

Then Barney and the speculator ascended to the pilot house, where Frank gave them some instructions how to steer, and went below.

The young inventor had a newspaper in his hand, which he intended to read; but as he was very tired and sleepy, he changed his mind, let it fall to the floor beside the table and went to bed.

In very few moments both Frank and Pomp fell fast asleep.

A slant of the wind struck the air-ship, and shook her so hard that Pomp's pipe fell from the table upon the newspaper,

The tobacco was lit yet, and as the fiery little coals scattered over the newspaper, they set it afire.

In the next room the oil now rose over the top of the doorsill, and rapidly flowed all over the carpet around the burning paper.

The wind fanned the glowing paper into a blaze and in a few moments the carpet caught afire and it spread with alarming rapidity, owing to the flow of oil which now saturated the floors.

In a few moments the odor of burning material was detected by Barney, and seeing the glow down the companion, he suddenly yelled:

"Howly floy! The saloon's afoire!"

"Good heavens!" gasped Dobbs, turning deathly pale.

"Come below, quick, or be heavens Frank an' Pomp will be roasted!"

Down stairs they rushed, yelling "fire! fire!" at every step they took, and to their horror they saw the room in flames!

The fire was rushing through into the other rooms, with the draught, and Frank and Pomp, startled from their slumbers, were up dressing.

"Drop the Storm King to the ground!" shrieked Frank.

They made a rush for the companionway leading up into the turret, but were driven back by the flames, which had swept up between them and the foot of the stairs.

It was impossible to get back into the other rooms, as they had been turned into a roaring, seething chaldron of smoke and fire.

"By heavens, we are caught here like rats in a trap," panted Frank to his desperate companions, "and we'll soon smother and roast to death!"

It was an awful situation, and with pallid faces the four men glared at each other, certain that there was no escape for them.

And the Storm King shot ahead through the dark sky with no one to guide her, great tongues of flames leaping out at every opening, and clouds of smoke enveloping her hull.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY DAYS WILL BE THE BEST BOYS' PAPER PUBLISHED.

A LITTLE FUN.

Young Boodler—Is it safe to approach the boss with an offer of money? Old Boodler—Not if you value money.

"That organ grinder left out a portion of the tune," "That's all right—we're even; the dime I gave him had a hole in it."

Uncle George—I trust, Henry, that you are out of debt. Henry—No, I haven't got quite so far as that; but I am out of everything else.

B—There is a man whom I envy, and, curious as it may seem, he envies me. F—How can that be? B—We were both after the same woman—and I married her!

Little Dollie—I'm so glad you like birds, Mr. Jags. Mr. Jags—Who told you I did? Little Dollie—I heard papa say you were out for a lark last night with the boys.

"Rest and change are good for people," said the wife as she rose in the night to rifle her husband's pockets. "I've had a rest, and now I think I'll have a little change."

"Tommy" said his teacher, on the first day of school, "have you forgotten all you know?" "Well," replied Tommy doubtfully, "I don't exactly know all I've forgotten."

Chollie—The idea of a business man sending a letter with a P. S. I Chappie—Doosid bad form, surely. Chollie—But that isn't the worst of it. In this case it means "Please Settle."

He was a countryman, and he walked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment: "Cast-iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that as a fool out to know that.

"I think I'd be a better boy if I had a pony like Richard Rich's," said a small boy. "Better, how?" said his father. "Well, I'd be more charitable." "More charitable, eh?" "Yes; I wouldn't feel so glad when Richie's pony runs away with him."

"I can't assist you any longer, as I've got a wife now, and I need all the money I can get," said a lawyer to a beggar he had usually helped. "Well, now, that's just coming it a little too strong. Here you actually go and get married at my expense."

"Did you receive the bill which I mailed you?" said the merchant. "Yes. But did it occur to you that you violated the postal rules when you posted that bill?" replied the debtor. "No. Did I?" "Yes." "How so?" "There is a notice in the post-office which reads 'Post no bills.'"

Although, as stated elsewhere, amusement may be derived from the errors in advertising signs, one may at times discover a mare's nest. A showman had a bill outside his tent which read: "Come and see the great sawed fish." A learned gentleman noticed it and informed the showman that it ought to be "sword" fish. "Yer'd better come in and see fer yerself; the admission is only tuppence," was the showman's reply. So the learned man went in, and was shown a large cod sawed in half.

"Yer ain't the fust gent wat's tried to teach me 'ow to spell; but I've had a good eddication, and I'm running this show to prove it," grinned the man. The learned gentleman stayed to listen to no more.

Carpenter, the mate, is the villain
Jack + Phil, the boys, also Harry Springer

Lost at the Pole:

OR,

The Secret of the Arctic Circle.

BY ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "Adrift in the Sea of Grass,"
"Castaway Castle," "The Boy Pri-
vateer Captain," "The Mad Ma-
roon," "A Monte Cristo at
Eighteen," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARING FOR WINTER—THE EXCURSION —TREACHERY.

THE mouth of the little cove was choked with ice, piled in irregular masses to a height of several feet.

The spray from the surf outside had fallen upon this pile, and had frozen, thus rounding off the jagged edges of the ice which had been forced up by the pressure from without.

Inside the cove the water was now frozen to a depth of two or three feet, and this would doubtless increase, as it was evident that the long Arctic winter had really set in.

It was several hours before the imprisoned sailors could leave the ship, on account of the snow, which was perfectly blinding.

When they did at last go out upon the ice as far as the barrier at the mouth of the cove, they realized too well their position.

Beyond the cove was a stretch of ice as far as they could see, so that even had they been able to get the ship out of the cove they could have taken it no further.

There was a shelving beach several rods in width in the cove, and beyond this were cliffs with here and there an opening leading to the country beyond.

What they could see of it from the vessel was forbidding enough to preclude the possibility of any desire to see more of it, and Captain Underwood expressed himself as quite satisfied to remain on board the Spray.

"We're bound to stay here several months," he said to a few of the crew, "and we may as well make ourselves comfortable. Put up all the extra stoves you have, steward, and don't spare oil, for we can't freeze."

Several of the men, including Phil, Jack, Joe, Ben Skuttles and the second mate, made their way to a sheltered spot half a mile back in the hills and found a great quantity of moss which they made into bales and brought back to the ship, using it to pack all around and upon the cabin, the house on deck and the galley, making an extra wall three or four feet thick, and then banking the snow against it so as to hold it in place.

On top of the cabin, over a thatching of this moss was laid a spare sail which was battened down all around, and then covered with snow, it being quite likely that every fresh storm would increase this covering.

The snow was left on the deck, but orders were given that whenever it snowed banks were to be made all around the vessel in order to keep the heat in as well as to keep the cold out.

For several days the work of making the ship more comfortable went on, all hands taking part and even the girls and the little cabin boy being able to do something.

One day, when it was not so cold as it had been, Phil and Jack armed with pikes, short axes and rifles, set off among the hills to see if they could find any game.

"Some fresh meat would go first rate," said Phil, "and I say we try and find some."

"There's a chance that we will," answered Jack, "for it's hardly likely that everything has gone south, although, by another month, when the long night sets in, it'll be difficult to find anything."

The two boys, having reported to the captain, started out upon their search.

"You may find Shuttleworth and Carpenter," said the captain. "They went out not long ago to look for birds' eggs."

"I'll be just as well satisfied if I don't meet the mate," said Phil to Jack after climbing down upon the level ice from the deck of the ship.

"That's just how I feel," added Jack. "I wish I'd asked the old man which way the others went. I don't fancy Shuttleworth any extra, but I simply can't tolerate the mate. He reminds me very much of Dalton, the mate of the Wanderer, your father's vessel."

"Then I don't wonder you don't like him. Do you know, I thought I saw a resemblance myself. I met Dalton once or twice only, and have no very strong remembrance of him, but I was reminded of

him at once when Carpenter joined us at San Francisco."

"There are some foothills," said Jack, as they reached the shore. "Suppose we go there. We ought to find something, and it won't be bad climbing."

The boys had been gone a few minutes only when Harry Springer, dressed in warm, heavy sealskins, with a big hood, mittens and boots of the same fur, came out upon deck with a little rifle thrown over his shoulder.

"Hello, youngster, where are you bound?" asked Mr. Springer, who had been up forward.

"Phil and Jack are going on a hunting trip and I thought I'd like to join 'em, pop," said the boy. "They haven't gone?"

"No, it's fast enough. Look! the floor is of rock or earth, just as I said. Let's go in."

Without the least thought of danger the two young men passed under the sea of ice and entered the cavern.

They had gone scarcely more than twenty feet and were standing looking up at the walls and dome of the strange place when a man rapidly approached the entrance.

It was Mr. Carpenter, the mate, and he carried a long pike and ice hook, a rifle slung over his shoulder and a short ax stuck in his belt.

He looked in and stepped to one side, an evil smile crossing his face.

"Now is my chance," he hissed, as he raised the pike above his head, and struck

"Ha! there goes the boy, frightened, evidently, by the fall of the ice. I am safe, yes, and so are those two young idiots who sought to fathom my secrets. The same fate awaits all who try to thwart me."

He hurried down the path and presently met Shuttleworth, who said:

"I thought you were lost. What was that noise I just heard?"

"A lot of ice sliding down the face of a berg, that's all," replied the other, carelessly. "However, it's not safe to go too near these places. Yonder is a pass, suppose we try that?"

"I thought I saw those two young fellows, Farnsworth and Edgewater, a few minutes ago. Did you meet them?"

"They went the other way," returned



CRASH! UNSEEN BY THE BOYS, THE MATE STRUCK THE ICE TWO FIERCE BLOWS. THE SUPPORT ON ONE SIDE WAS SHIVERED, THE WEIGHT OF THE BLOCK OF ICE SHATTERED THE OTHER, AND IN AN INSTANT THE ENTRANCE WAS COMPLETELY CLOSED.

"Yes, but you can catch them, if you make haste. I saw them go up the beach only a short time ago. If you don't find them, don't go far, or you may get lost!"

"I'll look out for that, pop," answered the boy, clambering down the main chains and dropping lightly upon the ice.

Jack and Phil had made their way through the gap in the cliffs and were proceeding toward the hills when as they neared a great mass of what might be ice or ice covered rocks, Phil said:

"That's a queer sort of place, Jack. There seems to be an opening in it."

"So there is," answered Jack, when they had gone a few steps further. "It's a cave."

"In the ice?"

"No—among the rocks."

"But it's all ice."

"No, not all. The ice is on the outside only."

They were now within a few yards of what seemed to be a large cave in the rocks, the opening to which was four or five feet wide and about nine feet in height.

Over the entrance there hung suspended a huge block of ice, evidently weighing many tons, being a little wider than the entrance and much higher.

It seemed to be held in place by little else than two spurs of ice, one on each side of the natural door, and as Phil walked up to it he remarked:

"The door seems to be up; suppose we go in?"

"Looks like a sort of portcullis, doesn't it? I suppose it slid down from the top and got caught?"

"There's no danger of its falling down, and closing the place up I suppose?"

one of the ice supports a few quick strong blows.

The ice shivered and several great pieces fell down.

The boys turned and gazed with startled glances toward the entrance.

"The block is falling—quick, or we shall be imprisoned alive!" cried Jack.

"Stop!" cried Phil, seizing his companion's arm. "We should be crushed to death if that—"

Crash! Unseen by the boys, the mate struck the ice two fierce blows.

The support on one side was shivered, the weight of the block of ice shattered the other, and in an instant the entrance was completely closed.

"There, stay and freeze, or starve to death!" snarled the man. "I swore I'd serve you out the same as your father, and I've done it!"

Then he hurried from the place, but had taken a few steps only when he saw a boy running down the path that led to the cave.

It was Harry Springer.

"I wonder if he saw me?" gasped the man, springing behind an ice hummock. "If he did let him beware of repeating what he saw."

Harry did not pause or look back but hurried towards the shore at full speed. The mate watched him, cautiously peering out now and then from behind the hummock.

"No, he can't have seen me," he mused. "No one did, no one knows what has happened, no one will ever know, except me, the fate of those two young fools. I would have spared the boy's friend, but he has begun to suspect me and he must die as well as the other."

the mate. "They won't trouble us. Come, let us talk over our plans."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT THE BOYS FOUND IN THE CAVE.

WHEN the huge mass of ice fell down, blocking the entrance of the cave, Phil dragged Jack back several feet, and cried: "Look out, old man, the whole thing may fall in on us yet!"

Jack gasped, turned pale, rested himself against the wall, and finally said:

"No, there won't be any more, but it was a close call just the same. If you'd let me go on I would have been crushed to death."

"But what made the thing fall?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Pressure, I suppose. It was probably just about ready to go when we passed under."

"It's lucky it didn't, then. Well, we're here, and the next thing is, how are we going to get out?"

"I give it up. Oh, no I don't, there must be another opening somewhere. It's not dark in here. Suppose we explore the place."

The block of ice which filled the entrance was translucent enough to allow considerable light to enter the cave, and from fissures here and there at the top, light was also admitted, serving to fill the place with a sort of twilight which was vastly preferable to the pitchy darkness they had expected.

"I say, Jack," said Phil, as he started ahead, "we may as well be comfortable while we're about it. Did you bring your pipe along? I have mine and I'm going to take a smoke."

"Cool as ever," laughed Jack as Phil

took out a knife and a plug of tobacco, cut off what he wanted and rolled it between his hands, pulling off his fur mittens for that purpose.

"What's the use of being anything else?" asked Phil coolly, and then, having filled his pipe, he struck a sulphur match upon his knife blade, waited a moment for it to blaze up, and then puffed away till the top of the bowl was all aglow.

"Now I can think better," he said, as he walked on and Jack was forced to laugh.

"I always did say that I would keep in your company, Phil," he said, "for you always seem to escape dangers that others run right into. You must bear a charmed life."

"No, I think not. I don't shun my duty no matter what dangers threaten, that's all."

The way seemed perfectly straight and plain, and although the path through the cavern was a winding one, there appeared to be no side passages in which they might lose themselves.

At length, however, they seemed to be at a much lower level than before, and the cavern grew so dark that it was with difficulty they made their way along.

Phil shook out the ashes from the top of his pipe, and then as he puffed vigorously the glow he caused assisted somewhat to lighten the darkness.

"Strike a match, Jack," he said. "It seems to me that we are descending deeper and deeper, and it may be just as well to see where we are going."

Jack lighted a match, and held it above his head.

"The roof is lower than it was," muttered Phil. "Lower your light, Jack! H'm! there is considerable incline here. We are still going down, just as I thought."

Jack threw away the match, which had burned down close to his fingers, and lighted three or four at once.

Phil led the way, the path being comparatively smooth, although it inclined considerably.

Suddenly Jack uttered a cry, and threw the burning stump upon the rocky floor.

Instead of being left in the dark the boys suddenly saw a number of blue flames shoot up from the ground, and burn steadily for a few moments.

"Gas!" cried Jack. "Where on earth does it—"

"Coal gas, too!" cried Phil. "We are in a coal mine, Jack!"

"A coal mine in the Arctic circle? Whoever heard of such—"

"Coal is found all over the world, my boy, and I'll wager that we shall find plenty of it in this cavern."

"Perhaps that is fire-damp that we saw then and the whole thing will explode before we know it, and blow us into the next world quicker than—"

"We would already have been blown there if it had been fire damp. No, it is a simple, harmless gas that you ignited, that is all."

"Well, I'm glad of that, for I would not care—ah, the flames have gone out. Where are you, Phil?"

"Just ahead," answered Phil, puffing at his pipe. "We seem to be more on the level now, and—hallo!"

"What's the matter now?" cried Jack, in alarm.

"Oh, nothing much, except that I ran into a wall I didn't expect to find. Luckily I put my hand out just then."

Jack lighted half a card of matches and came forward.

"Hallo!" cried Phil.

"What's up?"

"Look at my hand!"

"Why, it's as black as—"

"Coal, old fellow. That's it exactly. It is coal and nothing else. Bring your matches closer."

The face of the wall against which Phil had struck his hand was black, and it was plain to be seen that a rich vein of soft coal cropped out at this place.

"What did I tell you?"

"It is coal, sure enough."

"And a lucky find for us. There's no danger now that we won't be warm enough all winter with a coal mine to draw from. Strike another light, old man, and I'll chip off a sample to take back to the ship."

"Then you don't give up getting out of this place?" asked Jack, as he struck some matches.

"Certainly I don't," said Phil, cheerfully, as he took his sheath knife and loosened a piece of coal of considerable size, dropping it into the side pocket of his coat.

"Well, I hope so, and it'll be your usual luck if we do. I never saw such a fellow."

"I only wish we had more light, that's all," said the other, as he walked on cautiously. "It would help us amazingly. You haven't a candle end or anything of that sort?"

"No, I don't usually carry them. Did you think I was a Russian and would want to make a lunch off of such things?"

"No, but the cook put you up a lunch, didn't he?"

"Yes, and it's in the side pocket of my coat."

"What's in it?"

"I don't know. He gave it to me all wrapped up."

"Let's get a look at it."

Jack opened the package while Phil held a match.

There was some hard tack, a slice or two of very fat boiled pork and a little pemmican.

"The pork is just the thing," said Phil. "Wait a moment. I've got an old cotton handkerchief, and we have our pikes and matches. Here, give me—ah, there goes the light. Never mind, I can do this just as well in the dark. Now let me have the pork."

"What in the name of Franklin are you going to do with—"

"Never you mind," said Phil, laughing. "Cook never expected that his lunch was going to be put to such a use, I'll be bound. He thought the pork would keep us warm, I suppose. Well, it will in one way."

"Yes, but what are you going—"

"Now, now, wait a minute, my boy. You rely on me to get you out of this, don't you?"

"Why, yes, I believe that if any one can, you are the most likely—"

"Then have a little patience, old chum, and I'll show you what I'm going to do."

Phil seemed to be working away very industriously in the dark, and for a few minutes his companions said nothing.

At last, however, Jack's curiosity got the better of him and he struck a match.

"That's all right," said Phil, with a laugh, "you're just in time. Light my candle, will you?"

He held out his pike, to the end of which he had bound the fat pork, tightly wrapped about with strips torn from an old handkerchief.

"Well! I declare!" said Jack. "If you're not a regular Yankee, for invention, I wouldn't say so."

"Light up!" said Phil, with a laugh. "I don't know how long it'll last, so we'll have to make the best of it."

Jack touched the match to the cloth which blazed up, caught the fat, was fed by it and was soon blazing away merrily.

"Forward, march!" cried Phil, taking the lead and hurrying on at a quick pace.

Jack kept up with him, and they made such rapid progress that the faces of both were soon bathed in perspiration.

They kept close to the wall, the cavern appearing to grow much wider, although the height was about the same.

Their unique torch showed them the way perfectly, and without it they would have had many a fall, as the road in some places was exceedingly rough.

The walls were of some black, igneous rock, although here and there they saw crystals glistening the ground under their feet, being sometimes rock and sometimes hardened earth.

On they went, as fast as possible, for they did not know how far the cavern extended, and their torch could not last more than half an hour at the furthest.

At last the path led steadily upward, and the air grew more and more cool, becoming positively cold at length.

"She can't burn much longer," cried Phil, at last, "but we must be coming toward the end of our journey. Do you notice how cold it is growing?"

"Yes, and it must be that there is an opening because—"

"Hurrah! There is one! I see it!" shouted Phil, dashing forward.

In a few moments his torch went out and he struck the staff of his pike on the ground to extinguish the fire which had extended to it.

In the distance they saw the light and could also see the fields of snow and ice and hear the roar of the wind.

"Now the next thing," said Phil, walking more leisurely, "is to get back to the ship. You've no idea how far we've come?"

"Two or three miles at any rate, but we've turned several times and I've no idea in which direction we are now heading."

"I have a compass if the sun is hidden and that may help us."

They walked on, the light growing stronger every moment, the cold increasing and the sound of the wind growing louder.

The ground was covered with ice now and icicles hung from the roof, glittering masses of ice covered the walls, while as they went on they now and then passed huge snow banks.

The opening to the cave was much larger than the one by which they had entered and the place was exposed to the fury of the blast.

Suddenly as they neared the entrance, Phil paused and with blanched face and trembling limbs, stammered as he stretched out his hand:

"Look there, Jack, look there! My God, we are in the very abode of death!"

Lying upon a mass of ice which appeared never to have thawed in years was the body of a man dressed in furs, with a broken rifle lying at his side.

His face seemed as natural as though he were alive, the intense cold having preserved the flesh so that even the natural color remained.

Phil sprang forward, fell upon one knee, and grasped the dead cold hand extended upon the ice.

"Father," he gasped, "at last I have found you, at last learned a part of your secret!"

"Your father?" echoed Jack, in awed tones.

"Yes! Heaven has sent me to this place to learn the truth at last!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOYS MISSING—HARRY'S MISGIVINGS—A YOUNG COMFORTER.

NIGHT was coming on and with it the promise of a fresh storm.

All those who had left the vessel had returned except Phil and Jack, and they were still absent.

The captain came on deck, saw the first and third mates standing together in the waist talking, and said:

"Did you meet Phil and Jack when you were out, Mr. Carpenter?"

"No," said the mate. "I saw them at a distance, but did not meet them."

"Which way were they going?"

"Towards the hills. I suppose they must have struck on the trail of something and are following it up."

The captain looked up at the sky and toward the hills, and then went below.

"They won't be back in a hurry," said Carpenter to the third mate, "and that's two out of the way. We can't depend on Springer nor Dodge, but I think the steward, blacksmith and carpenter will join us, and a man or two from my boat."

"That ain't enough," said the other. "We've got to have more to make this thing a success."

"You work on the men's feelings, tell them what an awful risk they're running, tell them that the skipper has some—"

Harry Springer came out of the galley at that instant and crossed the deck.

Mr. Carpenter stopped, glared fiercely at the boy, and said:

"Yes, they must have fallen down a crevasse. Such things are liable to happen to any one."

"Certainly."

Harry hurried on and ran down the cabin stairs, only once turning to cast a frightened glance behind.

"I wish I was sure," he muttered. "If I was I wouldn't be so afraid, but—well, I hope it's all right."

In the outer cabin he found Dodge, Ben Skuttles, his father, and the cook sitting around a table.

"Yes, I have seen places where I couldn't squeeze through," the jolly harpooner was saying, "and it was when I wasn't so fat as I am now by a hundred pounds and more."

"Guess you wouldn't know yourself if you were to see how you looked then," said Harry, turning back his hood, unbuttoning his coat, and sitting down. "Go on, Ben; I want to hear your yarn. I'll bet it's a stunner."

"Well, last voyage I happened to be in the Southern Seas in the brigantine Sarah Maria. We put into an island way down under the Equator for water and fresh fruit, 'cause we was all run out of green stuff, and—"

"They had you aboard, didn't they?" asked Harry.

"Gosh! that's a good 'un!" chuckled Dodge. "Scuse me, but I must really laugh. Go on, Ben."

"Well, as I was saying," the fat harpooner went on, ignoring Harry's remark and Jim's comment on the same, "we put in at this here island for water and for fresh grub, and when we was there up came an earthquake that just upset things the worse you ever see."

"There was two big rocks, half a mile high, on the shore, and they was the whole of a mile apart, and I noticed 'em particular because we went between 'em when we was going to the spring."

"Well, when that earthquake began to shake things up it fetched them two rocks so close together that first off I didn't think I could get between 'em and back to the old bark."

"I started running when I saw them coming together, but they went faster'n I did and pretty soon they came together with a smash and the sparks flew like scat."

"The shock kinder made 'em bounce back, and that left a space just about a foot wide that I had to squeeze through to get back to the ship."

"Why, durn your fat sides, Ben Skuttles," spoke up the ship-keeper, with staring eyes. "I was on the Sarah Maria with ye that v'yge to the Pacific, and I never heard of no such earthquake as that."

"Well," said Ben, not to be shaken, "this here happened in your watch below. Course you never heard of it. You was asleep."

"Scuse me," persisted Jim, "if they'd been any such earthquake as that I would

ha' heard of it, and this is the fust I ever

"Never mind him, Ben," said the cabin boy, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, "go on and tell the rest of it. How did you get between the two cliffs?"

"Oh, he just got between 'em, and pushed them out of the way," laughed Dodge.

"He can do anything, Ben can. He got through all right."

"No, I didn't," answered Ben. "I had to walk around. It was two hundred and forty miles, but I done it between that and supper time."

The others laughed, but Dodge jumped up, slapped his leg vigorously, and ejaculated:

"Well, the other was a lie, to start with, but this is the wust whopper I ever did hear. Where do you expect to go, Ben Skuttles, when you—"

"Relieve the deck watch!" said the mate, coming in from the deck at that instant.

"H'm! it's my turn now, I reckon," muttered Dodge, getting up and taking down a long fur coat from a peg on the wall, "and when I'm away I s'pose that fat lubber there'll tell the durnedest lot o' lies you ever see. My stories are true, but his'n—well, he'll have a lot to answer for in the next world, that's all I are got to say."

Having thus relieved his mind while putting on his coat, hat and gloves, the shipkeeper went on deck, closing both the lower and upper doors securely after him.

The night came on, black and tempestuous, bringing with it the most violent gusts of wind and snow, the cold increasing every moment and making it well nigh impossible to keep the cabins comfortable.

The stoves were filled with wood, rugs were thrown down at the sills and hung over the doors and windows to keep out the penetrating cold, and the men whenever they went on deck, put on all the extra clothing they could get and covered their faces so that the bitter wind might not strike them.

The captain had ordered rockets sent up to guide the boys, if they were on the way to the ship, but no answering shots had been heard and many believed that they would never see them.

The two girls were almost frantic with anxiety and at last Harry went to Susie, and said:

"I think Phil is all right, Miss Sue. You see, he must have seen this storm coming and be knew that he couldn't face it, and so he and Jack have found a cave or a hole in the ground or something and have just covered themselves up and are waiting till morning to come back."

"But they'll freeze to death out there in the storm. Why, we can scarcely keep warm here, as it is."

"Oh, if they get under a snow drift and keep their hands and faces covered, they'll be all right," said Harry, "so don't you worry and you'll see them in the morning."

"You're a good little fellow to say so, Harry," said Susie, "but I'm afraid that something dreadful has happened."

"But we can't go and look for them now," returned the boy. "We would perish in this storm."

"Yes, of course, and I hope, as you say, that they have found a shelter somewhere."

"Oh, I am sure of it," said Harry, cheerfully, and Susie felt so hopeful that she kissed the boy on both cheeks, and sent the hot blood rushing up to his very temples.

"Oh, I say, don't do that, with everybody looking!" he cried, making his escape in great confusion, while Mollie laughed merrily, and said:

"You've never done as much for Phil, and if he hears of it he'll be dreadfully jealous."

"Why, Harry's only a boy. Phil is twenty-one and has a mustache."

"Rather faint, though," said the other. "Well, it's more than Harry has anyhow, and Phil wouldn't mind my kissing him the least bit if he knew how much he had done to cheer us up."

"Oh, no, of course not," and then both girls laughed, and for a time forgot the terrible anxiety they had felt for the missing ones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERE ARE GREAT THINGS IN STORE FOR THE READERS OF HAPPY DAYS. TELL YOUR FRIENDS.

For eighty years the "conscience fund" has figured in the statements of the Treasury Department. Its origin was due to the fact that way back in the beginning of the present century some unknown person began to feel the sharp thrusts of his conscience. In some way he had defrauded the government, and could find relief only by returning the money to the Treasury. Since then the fund has been accumulating in large and small sums, until at the present time it aggregates nearly two hundred and seventy thousand dollars. Remittances are received nearly every week, and frequently two or three times a week.

JACK MOSBY,

— THE —

GUERRILLA KING;

OR,

Riding and Raiding in the War
of the Rebellion.

THE STORY OF A BOY SPY IN THE
UNION ARMY.

By COL. RALPH FENTON,

Author of "The Iron Grays," "A Millionaire at Eighteen," "From Newsboy to President," "The Rival Baseball Clubs," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE DARK CELLS OF LIBBY PRISON.

THE Union had vainly urged Larmon to reveal the secret. The old man seemed to think he would sacrifice his only chance of escape if he did so.

At last Dan left him. Stealthily he crept up the stairs and passed the guard on the flight, undetected. The night was terribly hot.

Dan thought he should die in the furnacelike garret. He reached the ladder, and had begun to climb toward the opening in the roof, when a prisoner called out to him warningly:

"Come back! There is a guard on the roof. If you show your head above the hole you will be shot!"

But Dan was half crazed and he scarcely comprehended what the other said.

In a moment he reached the opening in the roof and thrust out his head. The night was dark. While he drew in deep breaths of fresh air he listened intently.

But he heard no sound on the roof. Then he ventured to reach it. He had taken a few cautious steps on the roof when he heard a pattering sound. And instantly two glaring eyes became visible through the gloom.

The next moment, with a ferocious howl, a huge dog leaped at him.

This animal was the terrible bloodhound called Hero, celebrated in the annals of Libby prison as a most fierce and bloodthirsty brute, the scars of whose fangs many a man bore with him in after years.

Of course Dan was unarmed. His captors had not neglected to deprive him of his weapons.

The boy leaped backward, hoping to gain the opening of the roof and descend before the bloodhound could reach him.

But his foot slipped. He fell.

The succeeding instant, as he arose upon one knee, the bloodhound was upon him. Dan clutched the throat of the huge dog.

And putting forth all his strength he held him off, while the beast beat him in the face and breast with his sharp claws.

Turner, the inhuman jailer of Libby, had left the ferocious bloodhound on guard upon the prison roof that night instead of a man. This wretch was always devising means to increase the misery of the Union prisoners.

Dan knew he was fighting for his life. This was the most thrilling and desperate adventure of his life. Unarmed he could not defeat the bloodthirsty hound.

He knew if he relaxed his hold the savage beast would have him by the throat in an instant.

Alone in the darkness, the awful unequal struggle went on. The boy sought to work his way to the hole in the roof.

But he clung to the throat of the bloodhound the while like grim death.

He had almost reached the opening in the roof when the desperately struggling hound wrenched his neck free from his grasp.

At that instant something fell at Dan's side with a metallic clang.

And a voice came from the opening, saying:

"I have thrown you a knife. Quick, use it, or you are lost!"

With lightning like rapidity Dan snatched up the knife just as the bloodhound launched himself at his throat.

Dan threw up his left arm as a shield. The hound struck it. His breast was exposed.

Dan dealt him a tremendous blow with the knife.

The blade was buried to the hilt between the forelegs of the animal.

It was a long knife; the point struck the heart of the bloodhound.

He uttered a terrible howl and fell back.

Dan heard the rebel guard shouting below, and he knew the howl of the hound had attracted their attention.

He bounded down the ladder, and in the darkness, while he concealed the bloodstained knife upon his person, he crept away among the prisoners until he reached a corner of the loft.

There he lay down panting deeply, and he had no idea then or ever afterward who the prisoner was who threw him the knife.

The rebel guards presently went up to the roof.

They found the dead body of the bloodhound and they were much enraged. The next day Turner made an investigation, and sought to fix the identity of the prisoner who had slain the fierce animal.

But he could learn nothing, no one would admit that they had any knowledge concerning the death of the hound.

Several days elapsed after that, and nothing occurred to vary the monotony of Dan's imprisonment.

But finally one morning, Turner and a file of guards entered the garret, and marched Dan down the stairs. Flight after flight was descended, until the ground floor was reached.

Dan experienced the most trying suspense.

He feared that at last, the rebels had obtained positive evidence that he was a spy and that he was about to be led forth to execution.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Dan, as his guards paused.

"To the cells. The general has made sure yer a Yankee spy. The orders are to keep yer in a cell alone until you are shot which will be to-morrow," said one of the guards.

For once the heart of the young hero of the war failed him, as he heard this terrible announcement.

It seemed to him that his case was almost hopeless. He despaired of assistance from California Joe then.

He was hurried into the basement at once.

There he was thrust into one of the dark, damp cells and the door was closed and locked.

The day before Martin Larmon had made a futile attempt to escape, though Dan knew nothing of it.

The old recluse had been found hidden in a garbage wagon, which was about to be driven out of the prison yard.

As a punishment Larmon had been consigned to a cell in the basement.

And, as it chanced Dan was thrust into the cell next to the one occupied by the strange old man with the secret of the hidden money.

Dan had not been long in his cell when he heard a voice. It was that of Larmon. Dan recognized the tones and noted that the voice sounded from the earthen floor.

A moment later he discovered an opening near the partition wall, that lay between his cell and that of Larmon. When in reply to the words of the old recluse Dan had told him he was alone, the man with the secret crawled up through the opening in the floor into Dan's cell.

And he quickly explained that he had tunneled under the partition wall in the hope that he was mining toward the prison yard.

Great was Larmon's disappointment upon finding that he had only reached another cell.

Dan did not feel any friendship for this man, who had meant to rob him of his inheritance.

But any company was welcome in that dark and noisome place.

So Dan conversed with the recluse in whispers, and heard him declare that he knew California Joe could never save him, and that he was a fool to have placed any reliance upon the pledge of the Union scout.

Larmon was speaking of California Joe in a bitter and upbraiding way, when Dan suddenly grasped his arm and whispered:

"Silence! There is some one at the cell door!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

LARMON became silent instantly when he heard Dan's whispered admonition.

Breathlessly he and the boy spy listened. They heard a key rattle faintly in the lock and then the door opened. Larmon was in the act of crawling through the tunnel under the partition as the cell door swung upon its hinges.

By the light of a bull's-eye lantern which he carried the figure of a man in Confederate uniform was disclosed to Dan's sight.

The man carried a rifle and there was a brace of revolvers in his belt and a knife. He had gray hair and wore a huge beard of the same color.

Dan stared at him for a moment as he entered and closed the cell door behind him.

Then the boy spy made a thrilling recognition.

"Joe! Thank God you have come at last!" he exclaimed in a whisper.

It was indeed California Joe who had thus entered the prison cell of the boy spy at a time when he was least expected.

As the great Union scout wore the same facial disguise which he had assumed when he set out for Richmond, there was nothing to prevent Dan's recognizing him.

As Dan spoke Larmon, who heard his words, crawled up out of the tunnel.

California Joe embraced his boy comrade. Then he turned to Larmon, and recognizing him at once, said:

"This is better luck than I expected. Of all things, I most wished to find you both together, for I mean to save you both."

"I did not think you could keep your pledge," replied Larmon.

"How in the world did you get here unsuspected?" asked Dan.

In a few words Joe related his adventures in Richmond up to the day of Dan's capture.

And he said in conclusion:

"I heard of your capture and imprisonment within an hour after you were sent to Libby. And I also learned of the arrival of the rebel spy. I kept out of his way and at once began to lay my plans to get a place as one of the guards here. I got in with some of the rascals and old Turner himself at the dram shop near here which they frequent. I finally persuaded old Turner to give me a place here, and this is my first night on duty."

"My post is at the north gate. We must get away at once. I learned where you were, Dan, from one of the guards. I have deserted the gate to come to you. I may be missed at any time. We have not a moment to lose. Come, and you, too, Larmon."

Dan and the old recluse quickly followed the daring scout out of the cell. But they had scarcely reached the passage without when they heard the sounds of gruff voices.

Joe instantly closed the slide upon his bull's-eye lantern, and he and his comrades were at once enveloped in complete darkness.

They crouched in a side passage opposite the door of the cell which they had just vacated.

In a moment they saw the rebel guards coming along the main passage.

And they knew those men were the night patrol of the prison, who made the rounds of the old building every night at twelve o'clock to see that all the guards were at their posts.

"I don't believe they have missed me from the gate yet. But they are coming to your cell, Dan. If they find it empty we are lost. Boy, we have got to kill those three men right here, and that too without letting them give an alarm," whispered Joe.

It was a question of life or death for Dan. "I am with you. Freedom or death!" uttered the boy in a thrilling whisper.

Larmon shrank trembling against the wall and said nothing.

Joe knew he could not be depended on to render assistance in the impending struggle.

Joe clubbed his rifle and he handed Dan one of his revolvers, with a whispered direction as to how he should use it.

The foremost one of the advancing rebel prison guards carried a lantern, and its light sufficed to reveal him and his villainous comrades.

Nearer and nearer they came, until at last all three halted at the door of Dan's cell, with their backs to the side passage, in which the escaping ones crouched.

Then suddenly Joe and Dan bounded forward. The scout's rifle was clubbed. Instantly it descended upon the head of one of the rebels. The man fell heavily.

At the same instant Dan's clubbed revolver crashed down upon the head of another of the trio, and he too went down. The man with the lantern wheeled about.

His lips were parted to utter a yell of alarm, when California Joe's hunting knife flashed before his eyes, and before a sound passed his lips the blade was driven to the hilt in his breast.

Dan turned away.

He had no heart for bloodshed even when it was necessary as a means of self-preservation.

Twice he heard the dull thud of the scout's knife, and then the latter was at his side and he knew Joe had made sure that the men whom he had first struck down would not give an alarm.

"Quick, boy! Let you and Larmon get into the coats and hats of the rebels," said Joe.

This was at once done.

Then Joe dragged the three dead men into the cell which Dan had so recently occupied, and locked the door.

A few moments later, the escaping trio were out in the prison yard under the dark sky.

Joe silently led the way to the north gate, and his companions followed with noiseless footsteps.

They were passing a little office building in the corner when Turner himself opened a window and flashed forth a light, at the same time demanding:

"Who goes there?"

"The night patrol," answered Joe, promptly, in hoarse tones.

Seeing three men in rebel uniform, Turner replied:

"All right!" and then he closed the window.

The rebel uniforms had saved the Unionists.

The north gate was quickly reached after that and they passed through it. Then they hastened away.

They reached the rebel outposts, and then Dan showed the pass he had taken from the rebel spy, and he and his comrades were allowed to go on.

When the dawn came they were well on their way toward the Union army.

And Joe said as they halted in a roadside thicket:

"I have already sent Wash to Gen. Grant with dispatches telling all I have learned about the defenses of Richmond and requesting the general to send a cavalry force to scout their way as near the rebel outposts as prudent this morning. I hope to meet our cavalry."

Joe's hopes were realized. An hour or so later as the escaping trio were advancing along a bush-grown fence, they sighted a party of horsemen in blue. Joe and his friends then showed themselves in the road.

The cavalry dashed up and after all the perils through which they had passed, the scouts and Larmon found themselves amongst friends again at last.

With the Union cavalry the scouts and the old recluse reached the federal camp in safety and reported to Gen. Grant.

Then Dan hastened to see Ethel and the meeting of the young lovers was of course a most joyful one.

The following day Gen. Grant began the direct advance upon Richmond, and all the world knows how the surrender of Lee and the capture of the rebel capital soon ensued.

After the fall of Richmond when the last of the rebels and guerrillas had been driven out of the Shenandoah Valley, Dan and Joe with Larmon, the recluse, visited the home of the boy spy, and the latter showed them where the lad's fortune was hidden.

The money was found intact, and Dan carried it away to Washington, where Ethel Carson and her father had now gone to make their home.

Blanchard, the guerrilla lieutenant, meanwhile had escaped from the Union camp, but he was shot by a sentinel as he fled. Later his dead body was found in a thicket into which he had crawled to die.

Jack Mosby, the guerrilla king, was never captured.

After the close of the war California Joe went back to his old hunting grounds in the Far West.

And a few years later Ethel Carson became the happy bride of Dan Crawford, the daring boy spy of the Union.

[THE END.]

A GREAT TREAT AND A WAY TO
MAKE MONEY WILL BE ANNOUNCED
TO THE READERS OF HAPPY DAYS IN
THE NEXT NUMBER.

HANDSOME HARRY

— OF THE —

FIGHTING BELVEDERE.

By CASTON CARNE,

Author of "Around the World on a Safety," "Across the Continent on a Safety," "We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THIS STORY FROM CHAPTER I TO CHAPTER XLII.—The ship Belvedere with a crew of one hundred men, was armed with eight guns, and in command of a dashing youth known only by the name of Handsome Harry. The mate was Tom True, about the young captain's age. Bill Grunt was the boatswain, and a gigantic negro called Samson was a faithful servant of Handsome Harry. The ship laid off Feralago, in South America, where an ugly old Spaniard called Don Salvo boarded her with his beautiful daughter, Juanita. Handsome Harry was in love with the girl. Her wealthy but miserly father had bought and fitted out the Belvedere for the purpose of wreaking vengeance upon an enemy called Captain Brocken. Handsome Harry assumed the task of avenger because Don Salvo's foe was also an enemy of his. Don Salvo gives Harry one thousand pounds in money for ship stores, and returns to shore with Juanita. The Belvedere then departs. A storm arises in the night, and a ship, supposed to be the Jaguar, armed with guns, and manned by a crew of half-castes, is encountered and attacked. Harry imagines the enemy he is seeking commands her. She is a pirate and slaver. Grappling the ship in the midst of a storm, the Belvedere's crew fight the half-castes, and while so engaged the Belvedere breaks loose, and leaving her crew on the ship's deck, drifts away with an old sailor named Cutten and three half-castes aboard. The Belvedere's crew win the fight, but the commander is not aboard. A comical little Chinaman named Ching-Ching is found aboard, who becomes a great friend of Samson, but proves to be an adroit thief and liar. Two days afterward the prize ship Rattlesnake encounters a French cruiser, and the Belvedere is sighted at the same time. Tom True, with half the crew and Ching-Ching,

boards the Belvedere, and Harry remains on the Rattlesnake with the rest. Both ships fire at the French frigate and sink it. Sailing to an island, the ship Rattlesnake is dismantled and stowed in a cavern, and the whole crew on the Belvedere start on a second cruise, and finally find and chase the Jaguar. The giant pirate chief, Captain Brocken, and Ira Staines, his mate, a young Yankee, race away from the Belvedere, and the Jaguar runs on the rocks off a headland and is wrecked. The captain and mate and part of his crew escape to land. Harry and his men follow them next day, but deceived by a mirage, start back for the shore, when a gunshot recalls them to the Belvedere. Upon boarding her they find the Veda, a Russian man-of-war, about to attack her, and lure it on a sunken rock. Ching-Ching, in the meantime, had been left ashore in care of the tents of a camp, and captured Ira Staines. Samson went ashore to find the Chinaman, and Bill Grunt is dispatched in a quarter boat by Harry to bring the negro and Chinaman back to the Belvedere. Harry and Tom True accept an invitation of the Russian captain to breakfast with him, and Bill's boat comes from shore with Samson, Ching-Ching and Ira Staines, a bound prisoner, and is summoned to the Russian frigate. Admiring the courage of Staines, Harry gives him his choice of joining the frigate's crew or that of the Belvedere, and he prefers the Belvedere, and is liberated. The Belvedere is then headed for a port where the pirate chief had a ship called the Vulture, but arrived there after the outlaw and his crew had fled in their new piratical ship. The Belvedere scours the sea for months in quest of the Vulture. As the ship stones are running low, it is decided to send the Belvedere to the Island of Santa Chardo for provisions, and on the way there a wreck is encountered which had been plundered by the pirates. Don Trivio, a friend of Don Salvo, commands Santa Chardo, and invites Harry to dine with him. When Harry, Tom and Staines leave the ship, Bill Grunt is secured in the hold by Ching-Ching and all the crew go ashore. At the Don's house an expected guest arrives, who proves to be Captain Brocken, the pirate chief whom Harry is after. The pirate runs, chased by Harry, and escapes. The Spanish guests take the pirate's part, and a fight ensues. Don Trivio is killed. A mob gathers and chase the three friends to the shore. The Spaniards would defeat the three friends, but the Belvedere's crew rush to the rescue from a neighboring saloon, whip the Spaniards, and all return aboard the Belvedere. Harry threatens to bombard the town if Captain Brocken is not produced by the natives within a few hours. The Vulture is then seen leaving the island. She is pursued by the Belvedere and overtaken. A fog covers the scene and gives her a chance to escape. When the fog clears a Brazilian frigate approaches, but is becalmed, and sends out eight boat loads of marines to attack the Belvedere. A fight ensues which is won by the Belvedere, and securing arms, ammunition, and ten of the Brazilian's men, Harry's ship departs for Fertilago, where they dine with Don Salvo, who tells Harry that Captain Brocken can be found at a hiding-place on the Luabla river. Next day the Brazilian frigate appears at the mouth of the harbor. During the night Harry sends four swimmers to cut the frigate's anchor cables, and as the tide drifts her out of the way, the Belvedere escapes. On the sea Harry is about to tell Tom and Ira his history. He explains that he, his twin brother Harold and their mother are treated with aversion by their neighbors. His mother dies. Ann Davis, a servant, takes the two boys to Cuba, where they remained until they were eighteen years old. Before he can explain any more Bill Grunt warns him that the Brazilian frigate Anita is coming. A chase ensues. In the gloom the Belvedere is stopped, and when the Anita arrives close to her a broadside is poured into her which sets her afire. A rain storm extinguishes the flames, but the frigate is left a wreck. Some time later, off the mouth of the Nunez river, in Africa, a felucca is seen, commanded by Captain Brocken. It runs up the river, pursued by Harry in a quarter boat. They find the felucca sunk, and the tracks of the crew on shore, which are followed. A stockade is reached where Brocken and his men are hiding. The pirates blow up the stockade and escape into the Mandingo country, pursued by Harry and the crew he took ashore with him. Permission is gained of King Matta to pass through his country, and Tabanko, a negro slave, accompanies Harry's party as a guide, while Samson and Ching-Ching are left at the village as security for the payment of twelve cutlasses as toll. Tabanko leads Harry's party into a dangerous forest on their way to the Foolah country, to where Captain Brocken has fled. Samson and the Chinaman, being left at King Matta's village, got into a brawl with the women, and the men are about to attack them when Witta, an wise man of the Mandingoes, appears with an image called the Bettie, worshiped by the natives. The crowd disperses in fear of the image. Witta is a former friend of Ching-Ching's, and leads them to his hut. He fears King Matta is losing respect for the idol, in which case Witta may lose his prestige. While they are discussing the matter King Matta raps for admittance. Witta tries to keep him out by placing the painted wooden idol in the doorway. The king kicks the sacred image into a corner of the hut, stalks in angrily, and unfolds the mat upon which he is accustomed to squat.

CHAPTER XLII.

NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

NIGHT came soon to the wayfarers in the forest, and soon a thousand fire-flies were dancing around them, their movements accompanied by the chirping and croaking of numberless insects and reptiles around them.

Above, through an opening here and there, they caught glimpses of the stars, which for a time guided Tabanko on his way; but at last even this help was denied him, and he came to a dead stop.

"No go funder widout de sun," he said.

"Surely we shall be wasting time," returned Harry. "Captain Brocken will never waste the night."

"He must stop," said Tabanko; "him may go across big plain; only lilly stones mark de way; he no see de way at night; must stop."

"In that case," said our hero, "I think we had better rest."

"Light fire now," said Tabanko, "by and by come big lion."

"You speak English very well," said Ira Staines. "How did you pick it up?"

"I'm de Capen Brocken and oder white men—some pirate, some slave-dealers; but de trade slow now. Too many big ships on de sea."

"Slavery must end some day," remarked Tom True.

"Oh, bless de day when dat come!" replied Tabanko, clasping his hands passionately. "Oh, de misery! Husbands lose wives; de wife lose husband; children take away. Ah, all bad—bad!"

The tars had now made a fire, beginning with dead leaves, and by its light they gathered up sticks, and cut off several branches with their cutlasses. Tabanko explained that it would be necessary to make four fires and sit between.

Harry was not inclined to think the danger so great; but Tabanko was urgent, and the sailors, on the ground that they might as well make themselves perfectly safe while they were about it, piled up the required quantity, lighted them, and sat down.

A rough gale would have but imperfectly penetrated that forest; but as there was little or no wind without, it was perfectly still within.

The flames and smoke rose straight into the air, and the wanderers were in no way incommoded by one or the other.

The remnants of the first feast which Tabanko had brought with him was now shared out, and when the men had eaten a moderate supper, pipes were lighted and yarns were introduced.

Harry, Tom and Ira sat a little apart from them—not because they in any way considered themselves superior, but Harry had a yarn to spin, and Ira had suggested that now was a fitting time to tell it.

"So be it then," said our hero. "What little I have to say will not keep you long from sleep."

"One moment!" said Tom. "Ira, give me the cigarette papers. Thank you! Now, Harry, I'm all attention."

"The changes," he began, "to which I referred were the changes which came to Harold and myself. We were the victims of love. Mine was only a boyhood's fancy, but Harold's was deep and sterling, and we both looked toward the same fair girl."

"Harold was too blinded by his passion to perceive my flimsy love, and I, as soon as I saw how earnest he was, plucked my weak affection from my breast and gave my whole time to the sea. I was sometimes out by the week together with crafts and cruisers, or even fishing boats, and my brother, loving me as much as ever, yet found happiness in the more alluring affection of a woman and was happy."

"Her name was Leda Cardio, and she was the niece of Don Salvo, who at that time resided near us. She lived with the don, and Harold was a constant guest at his house. I being so much at sea was very seldom there. I see a smile upon your face, Tom, and I may as well admit that I had not then ventured a thought upon Juanita."

"But as true as the needle to the pole my heart at length turned towards her, and I gave up roving and became a constant guest at Don Salvo's house. Picture to yourself how happy we were—Harold and myself—each with the object of our heart's best love, surrounded with every luxury—living, in fact, a life of happiness, as perfect as mortal happiness can be."

"I wish you could have seen Harold in those days. Oh, he would have drawn your hearts towards him. He had a look and voice of magic—all were charmed who came within their influence. The don often gave feasts and gathered handsome men around him, but they were all stars and Harold the sun. The men hated him for his manly beauty, and the women envied Leda."

"One day Harold came to me, with a face burning with wrath. He told me that Captain Brocken, a man we had never met but once, had asked for Leda in marriage. The don refused, having, as her guardian, accepted and acknowledged my brother. This bold villain openly declared that he would have her by fair means or foul."

"We knew that he was by repute a lawless man and that the authorities about us were not strong enough to cope with anything like a band of men, and we feared that mischief would come of it. The don was consulted, and he decided upon an immediate marriage. Both were young, but in hot latitudes maturity comes early, and there was nothing premature in their union."

"The preparations were speedily made, the day fixed, and until then a strict watch kept over the house. Nothing was heard

of the swaggering captain, and it was supposed that he had left the field. Blind fools that we were not to know that the tiger can bide his time."

"The day came and the don entertained all comers loyally. It is the custom of his race to keep open house upon such occasions, and many strangers who were in the town wandered about the rooms. Some of these had most villainous countenances, but such faces were not uncommon, and we troubled ourselves very little about them."

"So passed the day, and the night came on. Bride and bridegroom still lingered with us, but the bridal chamber was prepared alone. In that place it is the custom to spend the honeymoon at home. We have no country or continent to hide our head-in, as if we were ashamed of the most beautiful tie which has been ordained by the Creator."

"So the night came on, as I have said, and the house was filled with music. Juanita and myself had been dancing with Harold and Leda. The dance over, Harold proposed a stroll in the open air."

"We bade them go first, knowing at such a time they were happier alone. Harold crossed the room, and by the window which opened out upon the lawn, turned and smiled upon us all—such a smile as will evermore lie graven on my heart, for it was the last I ever saw upon his face."

Harry paused and veiled his eyes. Ira and Tom cast their cigarettes away and remained perfectly still until he spoke again.

"He had been gone but a minute," continued Harry, looking up, "when I heard a fearful shriek and clash of swords. I rushed out, when there upon the turf lay Harold, with a broken sword in his heart, casting back in fitful reflection the light of the moon."

"Ask me not what I felt then," cried Harry, raising his hand passionately, "for no words that I could utter would give you the faintest notion of the passion that rent my breast. I saw all, read all at a glance. He had been murdered by his foes, and the fair bride borne away. No need to ask the ravisher's name—it was Captain Brocken."

"There was pursuit, but what availed it? His plans had been well and deeply laid, and we only arrived upon the beach to see the white sails of the Black Jaguar far away. Until then I had never known his craft, or what he was, but that night I learnt all; Don Salvo told me."

"Perhaps you will blame him for holding any intercourse with the pirate, but such things are not uncommon in that isle, but he paid dearly for the acquaintance—the villains, who did the work of the greater villain well, took with them a rare quantity of plate and jewels. That was their prize—Leda was his."

"Was there not another woman taken, too?" asked Ira.

"Had you a hand in that foul night's work?" demanded Harry.

"No," replied Ira; "but I was on board, under orders to stand off and on until the captain, who was on shore, came off. Shall I go on, for I can, in a measure, finish the story?"

"Yes—yes," said Harry, feverishly.

"About ten o'clock," said Ira Staines, "a boat full of the part of our crew which had been ashore during the day came up, bringing two women with them, one old and the other young. The young one was your brother's wife, and—"

"The other was our faithful attendant, Ann Davis," said Harry. "We never heard of her again, and some said that she was in league with the villains, but I knew her love for us, and never doubted her. She was very old and broken at the time."

"Both were very ill; the young one raving madly, and the old one weak and helpless when they were brought on board. It seemed that the old woman had been wandering in the garden at the time of the attack, and they had found it necessary to take her prisoner. Captain Brocken came on board shortly after, and ordered us to make for the African coast."

"I knew nothing of the real nature of the affair," continued Ira, "or I dare say I should have put a bullet through him. Until this night I looked upon it as a common affair of gallantry. Well—let me waste no time in excuses—there were women on board who took care of the young prisoner, and the old one was put into a cabin to rest. Captain Brocken paced the deck throughout the night."

"How could the villain rest?" asked Harry, bitterly.

"Aye, how could he? Early in the morning he was told that the old woman was dying, and wished to see him. When he returned she was dead, and her face could not have been so ghastly as his. I have seen men pale with fear and rage, but never anything like his—the agony of a lifetime was inscribed there."

"Back with all speed," he cried, hoarsely, and as we went about he railed at all for being sluggards, and while he raved there came other messages from below for the younger and fairer prisoner. But

she did not want him to do more than look at her, for she was dead."

"Dead!" echoed Tom and Harry together. "Aye, dead," said Ira, solemnly. "Some say that there is no such thing as a broken heart, but hers burst that night. I tell you this, so that you may be thankful she was spared the foul wrong meditated."

"I am thankful," murmured Harry, bowing his head; but in a moment the old passion blazed out again.

"But without that is there not wrong enough?" he cried. "Shall not Harold be avenged?"

Ira and Tom were both silent, and Harry, rising to his feet, went on:

"Is the wound in my heart not deep enough for hate?" he said. "Do you wonder that I have pursued this man, that I pursue him still, and must do so until either or both of us is no more? I am never at rest—my mind is never away from him. I am haunted, too, with the spirit of my brother."

"Which urges you on," said Ira.

"No, but is ever holding up a warning hand. Only last night it came to my side and bade me go no further; but I was dreaming, and phantoms come and go consistently. I shall go on until my purpose is accomplished or my life lost in the effort. What was the communication my old servant made to him ere she died?"

"That," returned Ira, "I never knew—no word of it ever escaped his lips, and she died without speaking to another."

"Good, faithful old woman!" said Harry, "your death alone would demand vengeance on the evil-doer—but I dare not dwell upon it. The men are at rest, and I must have rest too. Good-night."

He stretched himself out by the fire, and Tom and Ira having put on fresh fuel, followed his example. They were speedily asleep, and all the men were giving out sounds which told of deep slumbers; but Harry's eyes, heavy as they were, refused to close.

The old memories of the past, aroused by the telling of the story, refused to leave him, and again and again he went through the scene on his brother's wedding night. The wearying excitement of this repetition almost drove him mad, and he turned and turned, seeking rest and finding none.

A movement just outside the fire changed the current of his thoughts. It sounded like a footfall in the bushes, the stealthy footfall of a murderer or a thief.

The hope that it might be his foe sprang up within him, but it died away as a low grunt fell upon his ear.

He knew the sound well—it came from a lion.

Drawing a pistol from his belt, Harry cautiously cocked it and lay quite still. Then, looking intently in the direction of the sound, he sought to make out the form, or, at least, the eyes of the nocturnal visitor.

Straight in front of him lay Tabanko a little apart from the rest of the men, and just between two fires. The position he had taken up was a little more exposed than that of the others, and Harry instinctively felt that he was the object of attack.

It was upon his lips to give warning, when an enormous brute sprang out from the darkness, and seizing the unhappy black by the shoulder, dragged him away.

The shouts of Tabanko and Harry's cries roused the sleeping men. Harry had drawn the trigger of the pistol, but it missed fire, and the lion, with a loud growl, as if he rather chuckled over the mishap, made off with his prey.

The men and their leaders seized fire-brands and darted in pursuit. The crash of the bushes as the lion dashed through guided them, but it was nearly ten minutes before they came up with Tabanko. The lion had held on to him with great pertinacity, but finding that the pursuit did not relax, discreetly abandoned his prize.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Harry, kneeling down.

"Berry, berry much," replied Tabanko, faintly; "me felt his teeth in my neck."

"We had better carry you back to the camp."

"No, sar, no move me—Tabanko soon die."

"I hope not," said Harry, taking his hand tenderly. "Light fresh fires here, and, Tom, give me a helping hand. Make him a pillow of leaves. Thank you, Ira, that will do capitally."

By the light of the blazing fires both Harry and Tom examined the wounds of Tabanko. He had received terrible injuries, the flesh of one shoulder and the back of the neck being torn into strips. The blood was gushing out, and all that they could call into use would not suffice to check it.

"Poor fellow," said Tom.

"It berry kind ob you," returned Tabanko—"you white men cruel sometimes. I like hear you speak—it is like music."

"Perhaps you will not die," Ira said. He wanted to console Tabanko, and could find no better mode of expression.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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MAZEPPA No. 2,

The Boy Fire Company of Carlton;

OR,
 PLUCKY WORK ON LADDER AND LINE.

By ROBERT LENNOX,

Author of "Wide Awake Will, the Plucky Boy Fireman of No. 3," "Harry Hook, the Boy Fireman of No. 1," "Dick Dasher, the Boy Bicycle Rider," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, THE TOWER FALLS!"

On a dark night some years ago, three young men were on the main street of Carlton in front of the Carlton House, the leading hotel of the place. They seemed

At the first stroke the youth came to a full stop, as if suddenly rooted to the spot, and seemed to be listening. At the second he bounded forward, dealt his foe a terrific blow on the right cheek, and then darted off across the street and disappeared in the shadow of the houses over there.



HE WAS STANDING ON THE POLE OF THE ENGINE, HIS LEFT HAND RESTING ON THE NECK OF THE HORSE ON THAT SIDE. HIS RIGHT HAND HELD A SILVER TRUMPET TO HIS LIPS. "CLEAR THE WAY!" CAME THROUGH THE TRUMPET AGAIN, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE ROARING, RUSHING PANORAMA WAS WAY DOWN IN THE NEXT BLOCK.

to be quite excited over something that had happened inside the hotel. One was particularly angry.

"Why did you interfere?" he said to his two companions. "I would have given him the thrashing he deserved, the young whelp!"

"Keep cool, Al. Had we permitted you to attack him in there her name would have been mixed up in it, and that wouldn't do, you know!"

"No, of course not," assented the third young man.

"That would do her no harm," angrily replied the first young man. "Here he comes now! Hands off and I'll give him what he deserves," and he fairly hissed the words as he gazed at a medium sized youth of eighteen coming out of the hotel.

The youth was of shapely build, with a frank, manly air about him and laughing blue eyes.

He was plainly dressed but carried himself like one who feared nothing in all the wide world.

As he descended to the sidewalk he went in the direction of the three young men some fifty feet away from the hotel entrance. The angry young man sprang forward as he approached, exclaiming in low, hissing tones:

"This is for you, Tom Hazen!" and with the last word dealt him a blow squarely between the eyes.

The youth staggered backward under the force of the blow. But he recovered in an instant and sprang forward with the agility of a tiger.

Clang!
 Clang!
 Clang!

A great bell in the heart of the city struck three times.

The blow downed the young man. But he sprang to his feet only to be caught and held by his two companions.

"Release me!" he hoarsely cried, struggling to get away from them. "Let me go after him! I'll have it out with the young whelp or die!"

"Keep quiet, Al," urged one of his two friends. "He has gone to his fire company. What show would you have there? They would tear you limb from limb!"

The exchange of blows was made so quickly that none but the four interested ones knew of it.

But the clanging of the great fire bell caused everybody in the hotel to rush out and eagerly gaze about for the whereabouts of the fire. The three strokes told in which ward the fire was, and those who understood the signals looked in the direction of the south side of the city.

Just as they caught a glimpse of a bright glare in that direction a roar was heard up the street.

"Look out! Keep clear of the street!" cried a voice on the sidewalk. "The engine is coming!"

The roaring was like that of a storm at sea, growing louder every moment.

People who had run out into the street to get a better view of the reddening glow, dashed back to the sidewalk for safety.

"Lookout! Here comes Mazeppa No. 2!"

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The fire engine bell struck to warn people out of the way.

"Clear the way!" came through a trumpet, and the words were heard clear and distinct above the roar of the rushing steeds. Almost at the same moment a magnificent fire engine, its nickel and brass finishings burnished till they shone like the stars, dashed by drawn by two

superb iron grays. Between the horses, near their shoulders, trumpet in hand and helmet on his head, stood the youth who was struck as he came out of the hotel but a few moments before.

He was standing on the pole of the engine, his left hand resting on the neck of the horse on that side. His right hand held a silver trumpet to his lips.

"Clear the way!" came through the trumpet again, and in another moment the roaring, rushing panorama was way down in the next block.

"I never saw anything like that before!" exclaimed a guest of the hotel. "I shall never forget it as long as I live. Who is that youth standing erect between those horses?"

"That was Tom Hazen, foreman of the Boys' Fire Company," replied a policeman nearby.

"What was he standing on?"
 "Nothing but the pole."

"Here comes Mazeppa's Ladders!" cried a voice in the crowd, and in another moment a hook and ladder team dashed by in the wake of the fire engine.

By this time the red glare in the southern end of the city grew brighter, and the crowd on the streets surged along in that direction. It was in the aristocratic part of the town, and people knew that it was a private residence that was burning.

"It's Leonard Morton's house!" called out some one in the crowd.

"Whew! That's the finest house in the town!" exclaimed another, and the crowd that still remained in and about the hotel, made a rush down the street.

"What is that?" cried a young man, going along in the opposite direction.

"Whose house did they say was burning?"

"They say it's your father's, Al," replied his companion, looking around at the red glare against the horizon, "but I don't think it can be, as it seems a little too far to the left."

"Oh, my God!" and the young man turned and gazed in the direction of the fire like one half dazed. He was the same young man who had been knocked down by Tom Hazen, the young fireman, only a few minutes before, and his name was Al Morton, son of the rich banker and manufacturer.

"No, I don't think it is either," added the third young man.

"Let's get a carriage and go down," said young Morton. "Call one, Dick, that's a good fellow. I'm all broke to pieces."

Dick Allgood ran across the street to where several hacks stood, and sprang into one.

The driver hurried over to the other two young men, and they sprang inside quickly.

(Continued on page 11.)

YELLOW AND BLACK; OR, THE TWO BOSSES OF WHACKINGTON ACADEMY.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "A New Tommy Bounce," "Aunt Maria," "The Shortys Doing Europe," "Out for Fun," "The Shortys on the Road," etc., etc., etc.

PART I.

YELLOW and black were the colors of the Whackington Academy, a big educational establishment in a country town far away from any large city.

Yellow and black were also the colors of the two principal persons in the academy. At all events, they thought they were.

That is, each thought that there was only one person of importance in the school, and that he was that one.

Every time one of them told a story the other tried to beat it.

Generally the last man to tell a story had the call.

Wing and Wash were not the only persons of importance at Whackington Academy.

Dr. Whacker was the principal, and he thought himself some pumpkins.

Mr. Rood and Mr. Blunt were his assistants.

That's all he said about Dick.

He sent a check for the first term's board and tuition and requested that the bill for the next be sent as soon as it was due.

Whacker asked no questions, and promptly got the check cashed.

The next day Dick came.

He didn't come when he was expected, however.

Neither did he arrive in the ordinary fashion, by the bus from the station, as all the other pupils did.

He came on a safety bicycle.

Not all the way from New York, of course.

He was stopping with a chum in a town about thirty miles from Whackington, when his father's letter came telling where he was to go to school.

The letter said that he must go at once, and that the doctor would have a carriage at the station for him, to meet the four o'clock train.

Dick did not take it.

looking gentleman, past fifty years of age, and ask him if he were the new pupil when a man stepped up and said:

"Have you come for young Sharp?"

"Dat's de fellah, boss."

"Dick Sharp from New York?"

"M-m, dat's raight, boss."

"Going to Whacker's place?"

"Dat's straight goods, sah. Am yo' de pahty?"

"No, but I've brought his trunk, and he'll be along later."

"H'm! I was tol' ter fetch de young ge'man and I can't go wifout him."

"Well, you'll have to, that's all. There's the trunk on the end of the platform, so get a move on you and take it in."

"Scuse me, sah, but am yo' aware who yo's addressin'?"

"No, really, I haven't that pleasure."

"Well, sah, I'se de head managah at de 'Cademy, sah, an' I'se used ter bein' spoke to respectable."

"Oh, come off your perch! There's Dick Sharp's trunk and that's all I've got to do about it. So long, Mr. Pompey Snow."

Then the fellow walked away and Wash felt that his dignity had received a lasting hurt.

He put the trunk in the back of the wagon, however, and drove off toward the academy.

The school was a big rambling building, two stories high.

It stood in the midst of spacious grounds well back from the road.

A big double gate for horses and carriages and a little one for foot passengers gave access to it.

The little gate was right next to the big gate.

On the other side was a board walk leading up to the house.

Right in front of the big gate was a road which ended at the road the academy was on.

This road was the one usually taken when coming from the station.

The other was better, but was somewhat longer.

It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon.

School was out.

So were the doctor, his sister, and Messrs. Rood and Blunt.

Blunt was sweet on the old maid.

She had a lot of money in her own right.

Blunt wanted it.

He had been sparking up to Miss Aurora for some time.

She sort of led him on without giving him much encouragement.

Just now they were walking very close together along the board walk.

The doctor was six or seven paces behind them.

He was reading a book.

All the same he knew what was going on.

A lot of the boys were amusing themselves on the big lawn in front of the house.

Wash was coming down the intersecting road with Dick Sharp's trunk.

Wing was waddling along the path on the Academy road.

Wash was just crossing the road and about to drive in at the big gate.

Then the peaceful scene was rudely broken in upon.

Ting, ting, ting!

That was a bicycle bell.

Along the sidewalk came the machine itself.

Dick Sharp was on it.

"Hi! get out of the way there!"

He was just spinning and no mistake.

Wing turned, saw his danger, and yelled:

Wash's horse saw the machine and got rattled.

He wasn't use to that sort of thing.

He instantly bolted.

Rattle-bang-thump!

"Whoa dere, mule."

"Hi-ya, cussee!"

The horse and wagon went dashing through the gate.

Wing got up a tree in short order.

The boys heard the racket.

A dozen of them ran to the gate to see what it meant.

Then Dick with a sharp, quick turn, entered by the little gate.

In a trice he was spinning along the board walk.

Instant and immediate confusion was the result.

The spoons were separated.

The wheel came between them.

Miss Aurora yelled and fled.

Mr. Blunt said something that didn't sound pretty.

Then he jumped into the road.

There was nothing else to do.

Wash splashed him from head to foot with mud.

Then the wheel bore right down upon Dr. Whacker.

He suddenly lost all interest in his book.

In a jiffy he had turned tail and was making a dandy sprint toward the house.

"Five to one I beat you hands down!" cried Dick.



THAT WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. THE YELLOW MAN AND THE BLACK MAN BOTH JUMPED TO THEIR FEET IN A FRIGHT. OVER WENT THE TWO CANDLES UPON THE TABLE. THE CARDS WERE SCATTERED ALL OVER AND THE BOOK FELL ON THE FLOOR. THEN THE DOOR OPENED. IN WALKED FIVE WHITE FIGURES.

The yellow man was a Chinaman from Hong Kong.

The black man was a coon from Thompson street, New York.

The Chinaman was called Wing-Wing, but the boys generally cut off one of his Wings.

He was the cook.

The coon was called George Washington Ebenezer Jackson, but Wash answered well enough for every day.

He was the fireman and general factotum.

Both Wing and Wash thought he was the boss of the place, and that there was no other.

As each stuck to his opinion there was likely to be trouble.

There was.

The boys of Whackington Academy took good care to keep it up.

They were all the time telling Wing things that Wash was supposed to have said about him.

On the other hand they brought to Wash reports of the awful remarks that Wing was alleged to have made concerning him.

A dozen times a day the Chinaman swore to get hunk with that coon.

As often the coon declared that he would cut that yellow heathen's pigtail off some night.

Wing was undersized, and waddled.

Wash was tall, and knock-kneed.

Wing wore a blouse and felt shoes, baggy breeches and low-crowned felt hat, and chattered like a monkey.

Wash usually went around in overalls and jumper, big shoes and a bicycle cap, and talked in deliberate tones.

Wing was a liar from up the creek, but Wash was neck and neck with him for first place on that score.

Each of them thought that without him the school would go to the dogs.

Dr. Whacker had a sneaking idea that he was the main stay of the place.

Wing knew that he was the only man worth mentioning in the school.

Wash was as positive that it was to his individual efforts that the academy owed its existence.

Then there was Miss Aurora Whacker, the doctor's sister.

She was the housekeeper.

She was also an old maid.

And a crank of the worst kind.

Nobody could tell her that she was not the chief, in fact the only support of the school.

She knew it, and it was simple madness to say anything else.

Whackington Academy was a school for boys.

There were a hundred or more of them in the place.

You'll get acquainted with a few of the best and a handful of the worst as you read on.

The liveliest of all was Dick Sharp, from New York.

He had been to a dozen different boarding schools.

None of them wanted him more than a few weeks.

It wasn't because he was not clever.

On the contrary, he was decidedly too clever for most of his teachers.

He was a hummer for mischief, and was always up to it.

If he wasn't playing a joke he was thinking one up.

His father wrote to Whacker and said that Dick was going to Whackington Academy, and would arrive the next day.

He sent his trunk on ahead in charge of a man who was going to Whackington.

Then he started off on his wheel to make the journey in a much pleasanter fashion.

He was a regular safety crank, and had carried his wheel all over.

He spent most of his spare time on it, and was a dandy rider, and a reckless one as well.

Wash took the bus to the train to meet Dick and bring up his trunk.

The bus was nothing more than a two-seated wagon with a top and open sides, and was used for transporting passengers, freight, or garden produce, as occasion required.

When Wash got to the station, three miles from the Academy, he asked for Dick.

The latter was not to be found.

"Am dey any young ge'men by de name ob Sharp wha'm gwine to de 'Cademy?" he asked when the train arrived.

No one responded to the name of Sharp.

No one young gentleman was going to the Academy.

Wash then asked three or four hayseeds and a couple of gawky boys if they were the persons he was looking for.

They each answered in the negative.

Then he tackled a dude, who was the last to leave the train.

"Say, boss, am yo' de young ge'man who I'se gwine ter take up to de 'Cademy?"

"Naol" answered the dude, "I have finished me education, and am traveling faw me health."

"H'm! 'Scuse me, I fort maybe yo' was gwine ter school yet."

"Naol, I haven't been to school in yaws," said the dude, walking away.

Wash was about to question a clerical-

Then he churned the pedals up and down for all he was worth. Along the walk came the boys. Biff! bash! Down went the doctor. Also several boys. The path was cluttered with them. There was no room for Dick and the wheel.

He swerved to one side, jumped his pneumatic nicely and struck the road. That gave the Academy horse another scare.

Away he went full tilt. "I'll beat you three lengths, old man!" sang out Dick.

Bump! Thump! Splash! Out of the end of the wagon jumped Dick's trunk.

Wing was having fun all this time too. There was a big hornet's nest in the tree he had shinned.

It rested in a crotch.

Wing kicked it in climbing.

Out came the tenants to learn the cause of the disturbance.

They flew up Wing's baggy trousers on a tour of investigation.

They crawled under his soft hat on another.

They got down his neck and they flew up his big sleeves.

Wherever they went they took their hot feet with them.

The weather had been cool.

It suddenly grew immoderately hot for Wing-Wing.

He would have been glad to have six or seven wings just then.

"Hi-hi, me spect so, cussee, blaze, comee lof, cheeseel!" he continued.

Down he came out of that tree like greased lightning.

Mr. Rood was just rushing out at the little gate.

Wing dropped when within eight feet of the ground.

Some dozen hornets had suddenly concluded to take a walk on his hands.

Consequently he dropped.

"Hi! me spect so!" he chirped.

Mr. Rood did not expect so, however.

Wing landed astraddle his shoulders.

Down he went, and he and Wing were very much mixed.

Meanwhile Dick had left the academy horse behind.

"Tra-la, cooney! You're not in it with me."

Then he went for the school.

He rode right through a crowd of a couple of dozen boys scattering them right and left.

"Clear the way, fellows!" he cried.

They cleared it.

Riding smack upon the broad piazza he didn't stop till he went sailing through an open door and into a long wide hall.

Then he jumped off, stood his machine in a corner and went outside.

"Guess I'll like it here," he remarked.

Up came half a dozen of the boys.

"Well, you're a bird!"

"Who are you anyhow?"

"Where did you come from?"

"Going to stop long?"

"You are a breezy sort of chap, you are!"

"What's your name anyhow?"

"Cheese it, fellows," said Dick. "One at a time, please! My name's Sharp, Sharp by name and otherwise, I've come to stay and the place suits. Shake! I'm Dick Sharp, who are you?"

They were Bob Smart, Tom Butts, Ned Watts, Hall Wright and others.

The others did not amount to much, so we'll drop them just now.

Introductions were over, when up came Dr. Whacker, hot and puffy, and excited.

"Well, well, this is most extraordinary, sir—positively without precedent, sir," he began.

"Yes, it's new," said Dick, "but so am I. You're Whacker, I suppose? Glad to know you, old man. Hope we shall be better acquainted."

"Yes, yes; but really this is most extraordinary—entirely without precedent, really most—"

"Yes, you said that. We ain't paying for repeated messages. Get on with your story. I'm Dick Sharp, of New York, coming here to school. Here I am—come to stay. Deuced fine place you've got here. That's your mother, I presume?"

It was Miss Aurora who called forth this remark.

She was coming up to put in her oar.

When she heard that she screamed and went off mad.

"Yes, yes," sputtered Whacker, "but is it customary for a young gentleman to enter a person's grounds in that fashion, frightening men and women, causing horses to run away, and creating a general disturbance?"

"I admit that it's not customary, sir, but I've a way of my own, don't do any of the stereotype things, set my own fashions, in fact, do just as I please. You'll get used to me; you'll find I'm not half a bad fellow. Shake!"

"Sir! Are you aware that I am Dr. Whacker, sir, the proprietor and sole executive of this—"

"That so? Well, you look as if you might have a lot in your head. What do you take for it?"

"Well, well, this is most extraordinary, positively without precedent; I must—"

"Ting-ting! Get a new one, Doc; that's getting rusty," said Dick. "Ta, ta, see you later, I've got to look after my trunk!"

Dick was a favorite from the start.

All the decent boys were ready to tie to him at once.

As for Whacker, he was puzzled.

He didn't know whether to put the funny fellow down as a fool or what.

Before supper he examined him as to his abilities.

Dick put aside his chipper manner and stuck to business.

He was well up in everything the doctor asked him.

In fact he was tip-top and ready to go into the highest class.

He hadn't neglected his studies if he were full of mischief.

"Well, well, this is most extraordinary," muttered Whacker, when Dick had gone off to open his trunk and get ready for supper.

The doctor couldn't make it out.

At any rate, Dick would be no dullard, and perhaps his breezy manner at times, came from ignorance of the conventionalities of life.

"Most extraordinary, positively without precedent," the doctor remarked several times and at last he had to let it go at that.

Shortly before supper Dick took a stroll around the house.

At a rear window he saw Wing kneading bread or rolling biscuits or something of that sort.

"Hallo, Charlie One Lung, how goes it?"

"Yep, me spect so," chirped the Celestial.

"Ain't you sure?"

"Yep, me spect so."

"You're a fool, John."

"Yep, me spect so."

"Can't you say anything else but that, you moon-faced freak?"

"Yep, me spect so."

"You're off your trolley, Ching Chang."

"Yep, me spect so. Lilly boy muchee flesh, takee cake, gottee fust plize fo' cheekee, makee goodee choppee block, so muchee hard."

"Why, you are up to snuff, ain't you, Slam Sling?"

"Yep, me spect so. Wing-Wing savvy somesing, Wing got all he buttons, him no hayseede."

"So your name is Wing, is it?"

"Yep, me spect so, allee samee one wing no nuffee for me, gottee two wings—Wing-Wing, you savvy?"

"Two wings, eh? Oh, you're very fly. What do you do here?"

"Yep, me spect so, me cookkee, lun house, evlysing, no gottee long wifout me, me keep evlysing go, me belly nice fellah, me got fadee in China big man, hab yellee jackee, led button, peacock fedder in hatter, big fellah, firstee chop."

"Honest Injun?"

"Yep, me spect so. Wing biggee fellah in China, biggee fellah disee place, me takee care evlysing, me lun housee, schoolee, cookkee, washee, bookee, evlysing. Suppose Wing go longside some oder place—dissee place go flop, no good, allee gone smashee like fire-clacker or soapie bubble."

"Why, you must be a cuckoo!" remarked Dick, walking off.

"Yep, me spect so," came back Wing's answer, in piping tones.

It was night.

Outside the moon was shining full and bright.

Inside everything was dark and still.

The boys were all supposed to be in bed, and asleep.

The most of them were.

There were others, however.

These were wide awake.

Dick was one of them.

Bob Smart, Tom Butts, Ned Watts and Hall Wright, were the rest.

It was after hours.

That made no difference.

Down in the kitchen, about the only place where there was a light, sat Wing and Wash.

Wing considered the place as his own especial domain, but he couldn't always fire the coon out.

Wash considered that he had as much right there of an evening as Wing did.

Perhaps he had.

At any rate he was often there and he never went till he got ready.

There were two windows at one end of the room about six feet apart.

They were opposite the door leading to the hall, dining-room and school rooms.

They were seven or eight feet from the ground on the outside and about two from the floor on the inside.

Between them stood a table.

On the table were two candles, and at either end of it sat Wing and Wash.

Wash was reading a dream book.

Wing was playing a game of fan tan against himself with a dirty pack of cards.

"Don't yo' make so much noise, Wingy, wif dem cyards. Yo' am a nuisance."

"Yep, me spect so," chirruped Wing.

"Dat's wha' I sayed."

"Yep, me spect so. Niggee man too muchee flesh callee Wing name."

"Dat's wha' I sayed. How yo' specs I kin read when yo' am shovellin' de cyards like o' dat? Don't see why de doctah wan's a Chinese yer fur, anyhow. Dey ain't no good."

"Yep, me spect so."

"Dat's wha' I sayed. I'se de on'y man he needs 'round dish yer place. 'F I was ter leabe, tings w'd jus' go ter smash."

"Yep, me spect so. Niggee man talkee all samee tloo him hattee. Wing fadee big man in China, got more as tlee hundred men all workee fo' he, evly man a plince, hundred times bettee dan niggee man."

"Dat's wha' I sayed, Chinese no good. Don't bleve yo' eber had a fader or a mudder. Dey fin' yo' in a tea chest, dat's wha' dey did, long o' de rats an' mice."

"Yep, me spect so. Niggee man come over in shippee, man sellee to menagelle, niggee man plenty heap big monkey, only gottee him tallee cuttee lof."

"Dat's wha' I sayed!" sniffed Wash.

"Chinese got de tail on him haid. Mebbly yo' don't know who I is, sah, I'se de gen'l-man—"

"Yep, me tink you biggee man, in you' mindee. Talkee tloo facee, chuckee de biggee bluffee, no can do nossing. My fadee more big likee president, kingee, bossee or anysling else, my fadee washee him feet on tlee, fo' niggee man evly day."

"Hal! yo' tink yo'm mighty big fellah, Wingy, but you ain't."

"Yep, me spect so."

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Yo' don't mount ter nuffin. 'F a man look cross-eyed at you you run like de bery debbil."

"Yep, me spect so. Niggee man velly blave, allee samee sojee."

"Dat's wha' I sayed, but you ain't wuff you' salt. I jus' like ter know why de doctah keeps yo' yer when yo' don't do nuffin' an' neber did."

"Yep, me spect so. Niggee man big flaid cat, lun likee debil anysling come. Mousse makee him lun."

"H'm! mebbly yo' don't know who I is?" snorted Wash, forgetting his sarcasm and getting on his dignity. "I'se de gen'l managah ob dis place, sah, an' I wan' yo' ter know dat no yaller Chinese am—"

"Oo-oo-oo-oh!"

A terrible sound suddenly interrupted the discussion.

It was a groan, or rather, a series of them.

They seemed to come from out in the hall.

Wash's black mug grew coffee colored and his kinky wool began to straighten.

He became more knock-kneed than ever, he was so rattled.

Wing's teeth chattered and his yellow visage became a dirty white.

"Fo' heaben's sake!"

"Whatee dat?"

"Oh-oh-woo!"

The groaning got worse.

Thump!

That was a knock on the door.

The yellow man and the black man both jumped to their feet in a fright.

Over went the two candles upon the table.

The cards were scattered all over and the book fell on the floor.

Then the door opened.

In walked five white figures.

There were no shades to the two windows.

The moonlight came in and showed up the white figures first class.

They advanced in a body toward the Chinaman and the coon.

As they came on, they groaned.

There was only one way of escape.

This was by means of the windows.

Up went the two lower sashes in a hurry.

"Good lan, I can't stand dat. Dat's wha' I sayed."

"Yep, me spect so."

Nearer came the white figures.

Then out of the windows, feet first, jumped the coon and the Chinaman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T MISS THE GRAND ANNOUNCEMENT IN NUMBER 2 OF HAPPY DAYS.

There are more thunder storms in Europe, according to the president of the French Meteorological Society, than in equatorial regions. They occur in some parts of France every day in the year, and in six or seven months of 1892 as many as 323 were counted. But in Sumatra, where there are storms during the six months of the southeast monsoon, thunder is never heard, and Peru has only one or two thunder storms in a century, that of 1877 being the only one since 1803.

ALL THE BOYS' FAVORITE AUTHORS WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR HAPPY DAYS.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents in sending number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. As considerable trouble has been caused by those who fail to mention the paper in which they wish their answers to appear, NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 34 and 36 North Moore st., N. Y. Box 2730."

NEW READERS.—You can find the commencement of "Lost at the Pole; or, the Secrets of the Arctic Circle," by Albert J. Booth, in number 999 of The Boys of New York; "On the Night of the 9th; or, Old King Brady and the Man Who Was Never Seen," by a New York Detective, in number 996, and "Shiner, the New York Bootblack; or, the Secret of a Boy's Life," by N. S. Wood, (the Young American Actor,) in number 998. These numbers of The Boys of New York are in print and can be supplied by your newsdealer, price 5 cents per copy, or we will send them to you by mail upon receipt of the price.

SHORTY.—The Orange procession and riot took place in New York on July 12, 1871. The New York Boys Weekly is entirely out of print.

FRED BROWN.—We cannot insert notices for the sale or exchange of papers in this column. Such notices come under the head of regular advertisements, and will cost you forty cents per line of eight words.

SAMPSON.—We cannot publish addresses of gymnasiasts in this column. You can find the addresses of gymnasiasts published in the annuals published yearly by the leading newspapers of your city.

EDWARD ELLISON.—Stammering is generally conceded to be a nervous affection, and can only be cured by treatment, which consists in slowly reading aloud until the habit is overcome. In case the vocal organs are affected, then of course surgical means may be used. There are numerous institutions and several journals devoted to the cure of stammering.

GREENE.—From your meager description of the coin we cannot locate it. Send rubbing of obverse and reverse sides and the kind of metal it is composed of. 2 Writing and grammar poor. 3 On a peace basis the army of Russia is 915,650 officers and men; France, 590,468; Germany, 561,994; Austria, 307,669; Italy, 220,819; Turkey, 175,400, and England, 137,320. 3 To learn how to swim read the instructions given in "How to Row, Sail and Build a Boat." Price 10 cents. For sale by your newsdealer, or we will send it to you, postage free, upon receipt of price.

CAPT. NEMO.—No. 175 of The Boys of New York contained "Old Crafty," by Police Captain Howard; "Steam Man of the Plains," "The Thumbless Hand," by Geo. G. Small; "At 12 O'clock," by Paul Braddon; "The Boy Pedestrian," by J. G. Bradley; "On Deck," by Howard De Vere, and "Shorty in Search of His Dad," by Peter Pad. 2 "On Board a Man-of-War" was contained in Nos. 757 to 764. "The Gray House on the Rock," 600 to 607; "Frank Reade with His Air-Ship in Africa," 496 to 507, and "A Rolling Stone," 589 to 615. 3 "Paul, the Buccaneer" was written by J. G. Bradley.

KESSEL CLUB.—We advise you to take the leather bag to some competent manufacturer, as it would require a personal examination to determine how to remove the stains. Leather bags embrace so many different kinds of leather and colors that it would require a practical manufacturer to renovate them. 2 If you have a natural ear for music you could no doubt, with a little instruction learn to play a mandolin without learning to read notes. We would advise you to learn to play by note. 3 Wash the barrel of your gun carefully with a rag, warm water and soap, dry thoroughly and oil with sperm oil. 4 We cannot answer your last question.

CAP AND GROOM.—You might make the gentleman a present of a napkin ring, a card case, an opera glass or a scarf pin. All that is necessary for you to do when you send the present is to attach a card bearing your name and address. The bells and whistles used as signals on a steamboat are as follows: To start, one gong; additional speed, one jingle bell; to slow, one gong; to stop, one gong, and to back, two gongs. Whistles—One whistle, port; two whistles, starboard: three short, quick whistles, alarm, and three whistles at intervals, in fog with a tow. On ferry boats in the river, when two boats are approaching each other, the pilot who whistles first has the right of way. In danger, answer other boats with one whistle, followed immediately by two more, and they must give you the right of way.

R. A. FOX.—To become a pilot in the bay and harbor of New York, you do not require a knowledge of navigation. You must understand the compass and chart of the harbor. It is not necessary to understand any language but English. You cannot learn the above except by sailing on different vessels, tugs, or under a sailing master, etc. You also require a thorough knowledge of steering, signals and the routine business of marine crafts. When you think you are sufficiently informed, you can make application to the Board of Pilots for a license, and if found competent you will no doubt get one. To become a sea pilot you must serve seven years on a pilot boat, and learn all that is necessary to navigate ocean steamships. You cannot procure a license until you are twenty-one years of age. 2 The United States Navy consists of about 80 vessels, including dispatch boats, tugs, etc. 3 To join the navy you must be at least five feet two inches tall and weigh 120 pounds.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

MAZEPPA No. 2.

(Continued from page 8.)

"Drive to the fire, quick!" cried one of the party, and the carriage went down the street at a furious pace.

Mazeppa No. 2, the boy fire company, was the first on the ground, even getting a stream playing on the flames ere any other engine arrived.

It was a grand mansion four stories high standing in a grove of elms. By some strange accident the entire lower floor was filled with a seething mass of flame. Nearly the entire household had been caught in the upper stories, and they were screaming for help from the windows when the firemen arrived.

Dense volumes of black smoke, with now and then a tongue of red flame darting out like that of a venomous serpent.

Tom Hazen, the young foreman of Mazeppa No. 2, sprang to the ground, gazed up at the windows, and sung out through his trumpet:

"Boys, here are lives to be saved! Let every one do his duty! Up with the ladder! Pour a stream through that door there!" and he pointed to the front door of the mansion which had been burst open by some one.

Ere the last word had passed his lips a stream of water was poured through the open door. It was heard to strike the stairs and fall in a shower on the floor.

"Save me! Oh-oh-oh, I'm burning up!" came in shrieks from a third story window.

The ladder had just touched the window of the next room.

Dropping his trumpet and letting it swing by the cord over his shoulder, Tom Hazen sprang to the ladder and ran up to the third story window with the agility of a squirrel going up a tree.

On reaching the window he climbed, puffed a dense volume of black smoke through out into his face.

Then Jack Thorn, assistant foreman, sprang forward and ran up the ladder after him.

Jack was the same size and age as Tom and his bosom friend.

He too disappeared through the window.

"Those boys will be lost!" cried a voice in the crowd.

"Clear the way there!" cried a policeman. "Here comes another engine! Back there, I say! Clear the way!" and aided by half a dozen others he pushed back the crowd and made room for the second engine.

Just a few seconds later the third engine dashed up, the Vigilant, the oldest fire company in Carlton, whose members were all veteran firemen.

Then came the chief of the fire department, a tall man with eagle eyes and a huge tawny mustache.

He saw at a glance that the house was doomed and sang out to the firemen:

"Boys, the house is doomed! Save all the lives you can!"

"Hil! Hil! Look there!" cried the boy firemen, as a figure appeared at a window with a girl in his arms.

"It's Jack!" cried one.

"No, it's Tom!" cried another.

"Move the ladder! Move the ladder!"

A half dozen darted forward and moved the ladder to the window where he stood.

Quick as a flash a big strong fellow from Vigilant Fire Company rushed forward and ran up Mazeppa's ladder.

"Gimme your load, my lad!" he said to the boy fireman in the window, and in another moment he had the form of an unconscious young girl in his arms.

"Come out, my lad!" he called to Tom.

Tom instantly disappeared, and the fireman went down the ladder with his burden.

A rush was made for the young girl by many in the crowd to see if she was hurt.

"Back—back!" cried the police. "Stand back out of the way!"

Young Al Morton ran forward and cried out to one of the officers:

"This is my home! I have a right to be here! That is my youngest sister!" and he rushed up to the brawny fireman who still bore her in his arms, exclaiming:

"Give her to me! She is my sister!"

"She has only fainted, young man," said the fireman, as he gave her to him.

"There's Jack—there's Jack!" cried the Young Mazeppas. "Play on him, Bill. He is all ablaze!"

Bill Saxton, the boy at the nozzle, turned the stream on Jack Thorn, who appeared at the window to the left of the ladder.

He seemed all ablaze, and held something in his arms.

"Run up and help him, Dan!" called out the boy at the nozzle, and Dan Allen, another of Mazeppa's boys, sprang to the ladder.

"Move the ladder—move the ladder!" yelled a score at once, and the long ladder was turned over several times against the house till it reached the window.

"Now, Dan, up with you!"

Dan fairly flew over the rungs.

When he got there poor Jack had sunk to the floor, overcome by heat and smoke.

"Dan—Dan!" called those below, "look out!"

"Send another up!" Dan sang out, and then leaped into the window, disappearing from view of those below.

A groan escaped many of the boys, for they loved brave Dan as a brother.

"There he is—there he is!" yelled half a hundred as Dan re-appeared at the window with Jack in his arms.

"Blanket, boys!" Dan cried.

Four of the young firemen sprang forward and held the four corners of a strong piece of canvas called a "blanket" directly under the window. The next moment the unconscious form of Jack Thorn came whizzing through the air and landed on it.

The rebound sent him up some two feet again, when he fell back like one dead.

"Is he dead?"

"Is he alive?"

"Is he much burned?"

How thick and fast came the questions, as they bore him away from the burning building.

Again the police had to club the excited crowd back.

"Look at Dan! He has another!"

Brave Dan reappeared with the woman Jack had fallen to the floor with. He held her with his left, and used his right arm to balance himself with, as he climbed out on the ladder.

"Be ready with the blanket again, boys!" cries the chief of the fire department.

"Dan is a hero! Save him from a fall!"

But Dan ran down the ladder with his burden, a little lady of slender build, who was entirely unconscious.

A wild cheer went from the vast throng when they saw him safely land. The fire chief sprang forward, caught his hand, and exclaimed:

"You are a hero, Dan Allen!"

Dan was so blinded by fire and smoke he could not even see who it was who had spoken to him. When they saw him feeling his way about they led him away.

"Oh, my God, boys!" cried Bill Saxton, the nozzle holder, "Tom is in there yet!"

"Yes, yes! Save Tom, boys!" and a half dozen rushed to the ladder at once.

"Come back! Come back!" yelled the fire chief, in stentorian tones.

"We must save Tom Hazen!" they cried, and up they went.

But they were met by great tongues of red flame, threatening instant death, and they had to back down.

No human being could have faced those fiery blasts and live, hence all on the ground believed the brave young fireman had met his death at last.

"Tom is lost!" cried one of the boy firemen, and groans and sobs were heard from many of them.

"No! There he is! Up on the tower! Hooray—hooray!"

There he was on the roof of the tower, which rose above the building on the left corner, with a young girl standing by his side.

Placing the trumpet to his lips, he called out to the firemen below:

"Give us a ladder from the tree!"

The tree was a great elm, some ten feet from the corner of the house. Some of its branches actually touched it. The leaves were withering under the scorching heat.

The brave boys hurried with all their speed to place a ladder against the tree. That done two men ran up into the tree to pull up another ladder to run it out to the tower.

The walls were almost ready to fall. The flames were eating away the tower where it touched the main building. Tom stood on the roof with his left arm supporting the young lady by his side. The tower was actually reeling.

"Hurry up, boys!" he called through the trumpet in his right hand.

Then he was seen speaking to the young girl.

"They can't save us," she said to him. "We are doomed. You will lose your life in trying to save mine. God will reward you for your noble sacrifice."

"Don't despair, see, they are hurrying up with the ladder."

"But the tower is sinking! Hold me close! Oh, God, this is awful!"

"Here—I'll jump for the limbs!" cried Tom. "Let me make you fast to me first!" and he took the strong silk cord that he used to hang his trumpet over his shoulder and passed it round her slender waist. Then he tied it hard and fast to his leather belt.

"Oh, the tower falls!" she cried, and a long wail of despair escaped her lips as she flung her arms about his neck. At the same moment the tower made a sudden drop of about a foot and then fell toward the tree, crashing against the branches, while groans of horror went up from the multitude below.

CHAPTER II.

A CLOSE CALL—TOM HAZEN.

A DENSE volume of smoke and cinders enveloped the brave fireman and the young girl as the tower fell to the ground with a terrific crash.

The firemen made a rush to rescue them but they were not found there.

They looked in vain until a great cheer went up from the multitude.

"There they are in the tree, in the tree, in the tree!"

There they were sure enough.

Tom was hanging to a limb with both hands and the young girl was clinging to his neck. She had not fainted.

"The ladder, the ladder!" cried the fire chief. "Stand a ladder under him."

Brave firemen from all three engines rushed forward to hold a ladder against Tom Hazen as he hung there in the tree.

They held it against him so he could put his feet on the rung and then let go the limb.

The moment he let go and caught hold of the ladder a great wild cheer burst from the multitude. Men burst into tears of joy, so great had been the tension of suspense.

Woman-like, as soon as her feet touched the ground, the young lady swooned and seemed like one dead. Some one cut the cord that bound her to Tom, and Al Morton burst into the crowd, seized her in his arms, kissed her pallid face, and cried out wildly:

"Clear the way! Clear the way there!" and started off through the crowd with her.

Of course the crowd gave way, and she was borne to a place of safety.

No sooner had she been taken from Tom than the chief of the fire department rushed up to him and grasped his hand.

What he said to him no one heard, for a wild shout went up all around him. The boys of Mazeppa No. 2 sprang forward, lifted him on their shoulders, and bore him back away from the terrible heat of the conflagration.

"Hooray! Hooray!" they yelled, and the great crowd re-echoed their cheers.

Bill Saxton, though, never relaxed a single moment with his steady stream of water—nor did either of the other two engines.

But the house was doomed.

The flames made such quick headway, that nothing on earth could have saved it.

"Let me down, boys," Tom cried. "This is no time for play."

"They're all out! They're all saved!" cried the boys, as they bore him around on their shoulders.

"Let me down!" he called again, and they finally let him down on his feet.

"Where's Jack?" he asked.

"He is hurt," replied some one.

"Badly? Is he alive?"

"Yes; he has been taken away."

"Anybody killed?" and he turned to the fire chief.

"I think not. But I never saw more narrow escapes in all my life."

"I never had such a close call in my life," Tom said. "Who was that young lady? She is the bravest girl that ever lived. Why, she wasn't half as much frightened as I was."

No one in the crowd around him could tell him who she was.

"Where did you find her?" some one asked him.

"In one of the rooms on the third floor. She seemed to be dazed by the heat and smoke, and didn't know which way to turn."

"Come, let's get out of this!" I called to her, and she came up to me with both hands outstretched, saying:

"Take me out, please, and I caught her hand and ran her into the next room, through which I had just come. To my horror, I found that the ladder had been moved. I caught her round the waist and ran her into a corridor, and up a flight of stairs. Every place was filled with smoke. I struck another flight, and found it leading to the little tower. There I got a breath of air, with no smoke in it, and it revived both of us. But I saw that our chance of escape was slim, and told her so. Would you believe it? She told me to save myself and leave her to her fate. I said if she couldn't go with me I'd go with her. She's the bravest girl I ever saw."

"Stand clear; the walls may fall!" came from Bill Saxton, running back toward the engine with his nozzle.

The crowd moved back, but the wall didn't fall.

"Tom Hazen, are you hurt?" the fire chief asked him.

"I really don't know, chief," he replied. "I believe I have a few burns."

"Do you know who it is you have saved?"

"No."

"She is Miss Pelham, the daughter of the governor."

"Indeed! Well, I would have risked as much for the poorest girl in Carlton."

"Of course you would. We all know that. Come back farther away from the fire."

They moved farther back and then Tom said:

"I am worried about Jack. Who knows how badly he was hurt?"

"They took him to the hospital," some one said.

"I want to see him, chief—can I go?" and he turned to the chief.

"Yes, go ahead, Tom. I'll take your place," was the chief's reply.

Tom turned away, followed by a number of people. Some believed he bore a charmed life and were superstitious about him.

The hospital was half a mile away, but he soon covered the distance.

He was met at the door by the man on duty there, who asked him:

"What do you want, sir?"

"I want to see Jack Thorn, one of my company, who was hurt at the fire to-night," Tom said.

"You can't see him to-night."

"Why not?"

"Against the rules."

"Can I see one of the doctors?"

"Yes, in the office," and the man pointed to the door which led into the office of the hospital.

He went in and there found a young physician and a clerk in charge.

"What do you want?" the clerk asked him.

"I want to see a doctor here."

"There's the doctor," and the clerk nodded toward the young man seated at a desk.

Tom went over to him and told him who he was, and added:

"I would like to see Jack. He is one of our best firemen."

"You can't see him to-night," was the curt reply.

"Not if he wishes to see me?"

"No."

Tom stood there a minute or two looking hard at the young man. He was too indignant to say anything for a few moments.

"What are you waiting for?" the young doctor finally asked, looking up at him.

"Nothing. I was simply admiring you," was the sarcastic reply. "Can you tell me where I can get one of your pictures?"

The young doctor flushed up quite red in the face, and called to the clerk:

"Put this fellow out of here!"

The clerk came forward, put his hand rather roughly on Tom's shoulder, and said:

"Come, get out now!"

Tom wheeled and pushed him over on the young doctor, upset him, and both rolled over on the floor. Then he turned and left the office and the hospital.

Out on the street Tom hastened back to the engine house. He was too mad even to think.

"Oh, but I would like to get his head under my arm for just ten seconds!" he said to himself, as he hastened on. "Rules—rules—rules for everything! If we were tied up with rules, neither life or property would be safe. Jack is as brave a boy as ever lived. Why they should not let his superior officer see him in his agony I can't understand. Lord, but I am in need of a little attention myself. I am scorched in a dozen places. I'll go into a drug store and get 'em to put some salve on my burns."

He went into the next one he saw, a large one on the main street of the city.

"Is there a doctor here who can do something for me?" he asked, of the drug clerk.

"I am burnt in several places."

"Yes—one in the back room, but why don't you go to the hospital?"

"Because I don't wish to do so," he replied, as he passed in to where the night physician had his desk behind a row of screens.

The doctor looked up, and Tom asked if he was the physician.

"Yes—what can I do for you?"

"I am a fireman, and have got some burns I would like to have dressed."

"Of course—let me see them," and the doctor arose and proceeded to examine his hurts.

When he had found out the extent of his hurts, he asked:

"Is it true that the Morton residence is a total loss?"

"Yes. I think it is. It was all we could do to save lives, let alone any property."

Just then a party of young men came in, and sat down on the other side of the screen to wait for the doctor.

"Yes, I saw it all," one of them said. "Al was full enough to toast Miss Pelham's beauty—his own cousin. Hazen had just come in looking for a friend whom he heard was in there. On hearing the toast he said no gentleman would use a lady's name in a bar-room. Al got furiously mad, and it was all we could do to prevent a fight then and there. But we finally got him out. Hazen came along a few minutes later and Al went for him, striking him square between the eyes. The fire bell struck the same moment. Hazen knocked him down and broke for the fire. He saved Miss Pelham's life. What a strange coincidence?"

"Yes, very strange, indeed," assented one of the others.

"Where did Hazen come from?"

"They say he came here from Hallsville two years ago to work in the iron foundry,

and nobody knows anything about his people."

"Oh, he isn't but eighteen, you know."

"True, he is but a boy, but he has come to be the most daring fireman in the city, and all the boys who went into that fire company with him believe in him and back him against the world."

"Of course they do. Who would have believed; he could have trained up boys to be such firemen as they are? Mazeppa No. 2 beat all the others to the fire tonight."

"Yes, and most of the others are old veterans too. Al swore he'd run Hazen out of Carleton because of what took place at the hotel to-night; and since the young fireman has saved the life of Miss Pelham he'll hate him more than ever, I should think."

"Why, I should think it would cause him to love him."

"Not much. Al is in love with his beautiful cousin, and now she'll be saying complimentary things about the young fireman to everybody."

"Oh, I see. He'll be jealous," and the others laughed.

"That's it, and—"

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

"Here, hold on there!" cried the doctor behind the screen. "Stop that fellow."

At the first clang of the great fire bell Tom Hazen, who was lying on the table, having his hurts dressed by the doctor, sprang up, seized hat and trumpet, and started on a run.

The doctor caught him by the arm and tried to hold him, mindful of his fee, but Tom hurled him off and dashed away like a deer.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed young Al-good, "that was Tom Hazen himself!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MANIAC FIRE FIEND—ON THE WIRES.

WHEN Tom Hazen left his company to go to the hospital, he did so with the consent of the chief of the fire department.

Bill Saxton, at the nozzle, remained at his post, keeping up a stream on the ruins of the mansion. Tom Hazen, Jack Thorn, and Dan Allen had gone. All the others remained. The other two companies were there, too. They were all busy keeping streams going, when they were startled by the clang of the great fire bell again.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

Three times meant the third ward, and that was the one they were in at that moment.

"Where is it?" came from half the firemen on the ground.

Bill Saxton didn't wait to find out where it was but began at once to reel up his hose.

Just as he had it all on the reel, the signal came again, and quick as a flash the Mazeppas were off, leaving the other companies but half ready to start.

The chief of the Fire Department went with them.

The fire was in a row of big tenement houses, where lived the families of the factory operatives.

The buildings were of frame and as combustible as tinder.

Just as Bill Saxton began to throw on a stream, the clear, ringing voice of Tom Hazen was heard through his trumpet:

"Up with the ladder, boys! There are women and children in there!"

Up went the ladder, and up went Tom the moment it touched the burning building. Five women were in one room up on the second story floor in a state of abject terror.

"Come, ladies!" he called to them. "You must hurry down if you don't want to be roasted!" and he caught one of them by the arm and ran her to the window through which he had just come.

"Oh, save us! Save us!" cried the others, rushing about the room gasping and utterly blinded by the smoke.

"Of course I will, if you will keep quiet and do as I tell you," and he then sung out through his trumpet:

"Some of you come up and lend a hand!"

By that time the other two companies had arrived on the ground, and two of the old veterans sprang nimbly up the ladder to his assistance.

"Oh, you are firemen!" cried one of the women. "Thank God you have come! Oh, that dreadful man!"

"Come, hurry down or the flames will get you!" said Tom, hurrying them out through the window to the ladder.

It took but a few moments to get them out and down the ladder. He went down with the last one himself.

Just as he reached the ground with her he was startled at hearing a wild, hoarse laugh, as though coming from a maniac, up in the burning building.

"Ha, ha, ha! Burn—burn! The world burns! The end of all things has come! Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's him—that's him!" cried the wom-

an he had brought down the ladder. "He set the house on fire!"

Tom sprang up the ladder again and disappeared through the window.

Many others beside him heard that wild, maniacal laugh, and men looked inquiringly at each other. The chief of the fire department ran to one of the rescued women and asked:

"Who is that man laughing up there, madam?"

"Oh, I don't know! He is crazy, and set the house on fire. Oh, he was perfectly awful!" and she gave a shudder expressive of the horror that filled her soul.

Tom ran from room to room in quest of the maniac, for such he now believed him to be. The rooms were filled with smoke. Some were enveloped in flames.

Suddenly he heard the wild laughter in an adjoining room, and made a rush in that direction. He found a man there holding an unconscious young girl under his arm.

"Ha, ha, ha! The end has come! The world burns, and all mankind perishes!"

Quick as a flash Tom tripped him, and he fell to the floor. The daring young fireman then seized the girl in his arms, and made a dash for the window, through which he had come. The smoke and flames now became almost stifling. Just as he reached the window he heard that wild burst of laughter right behind him, and the next moment the maniac seized hold of him.

"Help here!" he called to the firemen below, and two firemen dashed up the ladder with wonderful speed.

"Take her down!" he cried as he held her out to the one nearest to him.

The fireman received her and started down, saying:

"For God's sake come down, Tom!"

Tom did not hear him, for he was engaged in a death struggle with the unknown maniac.

The man seemed to have the strength of a giant.

"Come, my man!" Tom said to him. "Let's go down and see the world burn."

"Ha-ha-ha! The world burns! We'll burn with it! Everybody shall burn!" and he took the young fireman up in his arms and ran out into a corridor with him and up two flights of stairs.

"My God!" groaned Tom, as he saw how helpless he was in the grasp. "I am doomed! This fellow is too strong for me!"

The maniac ran up the scuttle ladder to the roof, which was a flat one, and, with a wild whoop held the young fireman at arm's length above his head as though he were but a mere child.

"Hold on!" Tom cried, seeing that he was in peril of his life. "Hold on and let me tell you—"

"Ha-ha-ha! The world burns! The whole world burns! The smoke and the flames are here! Burn! Burn!" and with that he rushed to the edge of the roof and, by a mighty force, hurled the young fireman far out into space.

Tom groaned, for he knew that death awaited him on the pavements below.

Down—down he went whizzing through air and smoke and flame and—

Crash!

He struck a score or more of telegraph wires which ran along in front of the burning buildings. He rebounded and fell back on them again.

Not once had he lost his presence of mind. Quick as a flash he grasped the wires with both hands and threw himself across them.

A wild cheer went up from the firemen and the crowd below when they saw that he had found lodgment on the wires.

His trumpet was hanging to him by the silk cord which he always used in fastening it to himself. But now he seemed to have lost sight of it, as he was seen feeling for it as though he had lost his eyesight.

"The ladder, the ladder!" cried some of the firemen, and a rush was made for it to afford him a chance of escape by that means.

The wild maniac was seen in a frantic effort to fly. He waved his arms as though they were wings, with which he expected to soar aloft.

By this time huge tongues of red flame shot out of every window in the front side of the house. They seemed to be eager to touch the young fireman on the wires.

"Hold that ladder steady there!" cried the chief, and brave men did their best to do so, but leaning against swaying wires it seemed almost impossible for him to get on to the first rung without falling to the pavement below.

But he finally succeeded, and as he descended a cheer from firemen and spectators rose above the roar of the flames and the whirr of the engines.

"Tom! Tom! my brave boy!" cried the chief of the fire department, as he grasped his hand. "God knows you have done enough to-night!"

"Yes—I—I—" and the brave young fireman reeled and fell like one dead at the feet of those about him.

"Stand back! Give him air!" cried the

chief, sweeping back with his good right arm. "Take him away!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN No. 2 OF HAPPY DAYS, WILL TELL ALL ITS READERS HOW THEY CAN MAKE SOME MONEY.

[THE MUSIC of this song can be found in FRANK TOUSEY'S POPULAR MUSIC, No. 264. For sale by all newsdealers. Price 10 cents. If you cannot procure it from your newsdealer we will send it to you by mail, postage free, upon receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, 34 & 36 North Moore St., New York. P. O. Box, 2730.]

Ginger!

Words and Music by FELIX MCGLENNON.

Copyright, 1892, by FRANK TOUSEY.

I ONCE had a mash with plenty of cash,
Who vowed he would make me his wife;
One night we went out, I heard such a shout,
That scared me nigh out of my life;
It was some rude boys who made all the noise,
I trembled in terror and dread,
When they pointed at him and said "Grizzly Jim,
Let's all warm our hands at his head!"

CHORUS.

Ginger! Ginger! somebody shouted "Ginger!"
Twig the fop with the carrotty mop, he's all there;
Ginger! Ginger! all of them shouted "Ginger!"
I gave him the sack, and I'll never go back to the chap with the gingerhair.

One night to the play we toddled away,
Got right in the front of the pit;
The play was so nice, all virtue and vice,
Enjoying ourselves we did sit;
A voice shouted "Fire!" the yells sounded higher,
The audience rose to get free;
When a man on the stage spoke out in a rage,
"There's no fire at all, can't you see?"

CHORUS.

It's Ginger! Ginger! somebody shouted "Ginger!"
Twig the fop with the carrotty mop, he's all there;
Ginger! Ginger! all of them shouted "Ginger!"
I gave him the sack, and I'll never go back to the chap with the ginger hair.

On marriage full bent to church we both went,
And proudly we walk'd up the aisle;
A big crowd was there, and said "Ain't she fair!"
But when they saw him, oh! the smile!
Some masher cried "Hush! can't you see him blush!"
Oh, look at his bashful big head!"
We got to the rail and then I turned pale,
For even the old parson said:

CHORUS.

It's Ginger! Ginger! somebody shouted "Ginger!"
Twig the fop with the carrotty mop, he's all there;
Ginger! Ginger! all of them shouted "Ginger!"
I gave him the sack, and I'll never go back to the chap with the ginger hair.

TELL YOUR NEWSDEALER TO SAVE YOU A COPY OF HAPPY DAYS EVERY WEEK.

Battle With a Monster Alligator.

A RESIDENT of Gainesville, Fla., reports a fearful combat between some cattle hunters, a dog, and a huge, fourteen foot alligator a few days ago. L. W. Jackson, living near town, it appears lost some cattle, and with two men and his big hound, Cato, started out to hunt them up. While going through Long Lake swamp they came suddenly upon a big gator. The reptile was creeping slowly and stealthily upon some young calves that were feeding near by, and was so taken up with the idea of having fresh veal, that the party came up very close before they were discovered.

The saurian on seeing his foes, suddenly wheeled around to face them, showing his anger by bellying and hissing, while his big tail played a tattoo on the bushes surrounding.

The startled calves set off on a mad run, greatly scared at their narrow escape. Cato was new in gator fighting, but he plunged bravely in. He made a spring at the reptile's forepaws, but quicker than was his jump was the gator's move. His big tail came around with a lightning-like movement and hitting the dog fairly on the side, threw him in front of the wide, expectant jaws of his gatorship. A second more and poor Cato would have gone the way of all good dogs, but as the big jaws sprung together the poor dog, rendered furious by his peril, made a desperate leap, just escaping the jaws that came together with a vicious snap. While the

dog escaped his tail did not, the gator securing it close to the stump. This took the fight completely out of Cato, and with a loud howl he bounded off toward home.

Much to the men's surprise, the gator, after gulping down the small bit of dog that he had secured, wanted more so badly that he set off at an awkward but rapid run after the fleeing hound. But after going a few rods he seemed to realize the futility of pursuing the frightened animal, and turning suddenly, charged on one of the men. He was so close to him at the time the gator turned, that before he could escape the enraged reptile had seized one corner of his coat in his mouth. The man jumped and endeavored to escape, but the strong cloth held and he seemed to be in a bad predicament. But a second later a new idea seized him, and he threw himself out of the coat and rolled and jumped to one side, just in time to escape one of those tremendous sweeps of the saurian's tail. The reptile vented his rage on the coat and stamped on it in wildest fury.

Not content with this, the infuriated reptile charged the others of the party. But they had secured fence rails and poles by this time, and the raging old fellow met with a warm reception. He would jump for the rails as they hit him sounding whacks, seize them in his powerful jaw and crunch them to pieces like so many toothpicks. He boldly charged them time and time again, meanwhile playing that flail-like tail of his for all it was worth. But he was outnumbered, and the terrible blows he received from the heavy pine rails shortly made their effect perceptible. His mad rushes grew shorter and shorter, and his vicious snaps at the rails less lively, while his curving tail remained more quiet.

At last he sunk down to the ground, closely hugging it, and he seemed to try and dodge every blow aimed at him. He belloved defiantly still and his shrill hiss filled the air, while the musk stench was overpowering. One lucky stroke broke his back and the old fellow roared with pain. Soon he was knocked senseless and the finishing touches were then given with a will by the party, who were pretty well worked up now. They skinned him, intending to have something to show for their hour's work.

The old fellow measured fourteen feet from tip to tip, and was as large around in the center as a flour barrel. Mr. Jackson says that he never saw a gator more savage or wild, and he thinks it was rendered so by hunger. Anyway, the party were thoroughly exhausted by this fight, and put off the cattle hunting till another time. Cato is doing well, but is chary of going into the swamps, and is spoiled as a hunting dog.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A man can be married cheaper in Melbourne than in any other part of the world. Ministers advertise in the papers against each other. One offers to bind together loving couples for \$2.50, another for \$1.75, and so on down to 75 cents. In some cases wedding breakfasts and rings are thrown in.

There are about 100,000 islands, large and small, scattered over the oceans. The United States alone has 5,500 around its coasts; there are 365 in the Bay of Rio Janeiro, 16,000 between Madagascar and India, and some 1,200 off the eastern coast of Australia, between its main land and New Guinea.

The steam engine was made perfectly automatic by a lazy boy, who was employed to open and close the valves. Desiring to play instead of to work, he tied a string from one part of the machine to another, thus making the engine itself attend to its own business. He was never heard of again, and even his name is unknown, but a perfect engine was the outcome of his laziness.

The Sultan of Turkey is the most extravagant housekeeper in the world. According to a recent estimate, his domestic budget runs thus: Repairs, new furniture, mats, beds, etc., \$300,000; toilet requisites, including rouge and enamel for the ladies of the harem, and jewelry, \$10,000,000; extra extravaganzas, \$12,000,000; clothes and furniture for the Sultan personally, \$2,000,000; douceurs and wages, \$4,000,000; gold and silver plate, \$2,500,000; maintenance of five carriages and horses, \$500,000—a total of \$35,000,000.

The question is frequently asked, "What is cottonseed oil used for?" Last year there were probably 1,250,000 tons of seed crushed in the United States. Out of this seed there were obtained about 1,000,000 barrels of oil. At Chicago not less than 300,000 barrels are used for making lard. At St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha about 200,000 barrels are used in making lard. The lard is made by mixing beef suet with cottonseed oil, the degree of hardness of the product being determined by the relative proportions of the oil and suet. It is notable that in much of the lard there is no hog product at all. About 20,000 barrels are used on the coast of Maine to pack sardines. Probably 50,000 to 100,000 barrels are used by the soap-makers for making toilet soaps. Some 200,000 to 300,000 barrels go to Rotterdam for making butter. Large quantities go to Marseilles, Trieste, and various points on the Mediterranean coast for mixing with olive oil.

SHINER, The New York Bootblack;

OR,

The Secret of a Boy's Life.

By N. S. WOOD,
(The Young American Actor,
Author of "The Boy Captain of the 71st
N. Y.," "From the Street," "The Boss
Boy Bootblack of New York," etc.

CHAPTER X.

BILL PIDGEON SELLS OUT TO THE HIGHEST
BIDDER.

PETER GREEN waited at Broadway and
Lipsenard street until after six o'clock,

"Soitantly; but what does the letter
say?"
Mrs. Green read the message, and Pete
exclaimed:
"That's why Shiner didn't toin up. Have
you seen the old woman at all?"
"No, I tell you, and the whole thing is
some game to get hold of Shiner."

"Well, but what for?"
"I donno. Maybe it's the man that had
him arrested, or maybe the man he saw on
the river that night found it out, and is go-
ing to get— Run right up there, Pete,
and stop him!"

Pete needed no second admonition, and
went at once.
When he reached the old house where
Dave had lived, he found it boarded up as
before, and no sign of life within.

He waited around until it grew dark, but
no one either entered or left the house,
no lights appeared in it, and it seemed to
be totally deserted.

"What in the world am I going to do?"
he muttered. "He's been here and gone

The carriage door nearest the curb was
opened and a man looked out.

He wore a low-crowned soft hat, and a
black silk mask concealed all the lower
part of his face, his eyes alone being visible.
"Not ready yet?" he muttered, as he ut-
tered a low whistle.

Then from the door of the fourth house
there suddenly stepped out a roughly-
dressed man, carrying something in his
arms.

As he came out into the light it was seen
to be the limp and unconscious form of a
handsome boy of sixteen.

His right hand hung at his side, and the
moonlight shining upon his upturned face
showed it to be as white as death, the eyes
closed and the lips firmly set.

"Here you are, Dick," said the roughly-
dressed fellow, approaching the carriage,
"and the sooner you get away before
Charley finds out how I've buncoed him,
the better for both of us!"

"That's all right, Bill," said Mr. Baxter
Hampton, alias Cool Dick. "Put him in

"That feller's onto me," muttered Pete,
as the carriage suddenly shot ahead. "If I
hadn't hollered out he wouldn't knowed."
The boy continued to run after the car-
riage, keeping in the dark as much as pos-
sible, now gaining and again losing
ground.

Luck favored him at last when he was
nearly exhausted and was about to give
up the chase in despair.

A fire engine came tearing through a
principal street into which the carriage
was about to turn.

The driver stopped suddenly so as to let
the engine go by.

Screened by the darkness, Pete darted
forward, sprang upon the rack behind and
perched himself upon it, his head coming
a few inches below the window.

In another minute the carriage went on.
Baxter Hampton, peering out, looked
over the head of the boy and directed his
vision straight out and not down, and
therefore saw nothing.

"We've given him the shake," he said
with a smile.

At the same instant Pete Green was
saying to himself:

"I'm dead onto these fellows, and
I'll find out where they takes Dave if
they go around the world! They can't
shake me now, you betcher life!"

CHAPTER XI.

OUT OF THE TIGER'S CLUTCHES.

ON rattled the carriage, up one
street and down another at a mad
pace, Pete clinging on behind, Dave ly-
ing unconscious on the seat, and Bax-
ter Hampton, otherwise Cool Dick,
glaring at him and muttering:

"We'll see now if your fine friends
can save you now, you brat! We'll see
who gets a fortune, you or me!"

Suddenly, as the carriage turned in-
to a wide street, the wheels struck the
car tracks.

The vehicle was swung violently to
one side and was nearly overturned.

The driver swore and lashed his
horses, and on they dashed.

Pete was thrown from his perch into
the street and received a decided shak-
ing up.

By the time he had regained his feet
and had recovered his senses, the car-
riage was at a considerable distance.

He tried to overtake it, but his fall
had considerably lamed him, and he
was soon forced to give up the attempt.

"Well, that's the woist!" he sput-
tered, brushing the mud and dust from
his clothes. "Just when I thought I
was doing foist class I have to go and
get fired off."

The carriage quickly disappeared,
and Pete ascertaining where he was set
out for home very much disgusted.

The jolting that had lost him his
seat had had a considerable effect upon
Dave also.

The latter had been thrown to the
floor, Cool Dick and Bill Pidgeon strik-
ing their heads violently together at the
same time.

Both swore roundly, and Dick called
out in wrathful tones to the driver, in-
quiring if he knew where he was going.

"Yes, to Nineteenth street," the driver
laughingly answered.

"Yes, but you seem to be going there
by the way of a mighty rocky road,"
said Bill. "Say, gov'nor, your head's as
hard as a rock."

"Yours isn't soft by any means," growl-
ed Dick, whose mask had fallen off.

Dave lay in the bottom of the carriage
on his back.

The light from a street lamp shone in at
the rear window and fell directly on Cool
Dick's face.

The shock had aroused the boy and he
was now conscious.

He had heard the driver say where they
were going and he also saw Dick's face.

In spite of himself he uttered an exclaim-
ation of surprise.

Fortunately the two men were berating
each other at the moment.

"Here," said Dick, "get this fellow on
the seat."

"Are you going to take him to the
house?" asked Bill as he lifted the boy
from the floor.

"What's the use? Can't we drive right
to the river and dump him in?"

"Yes, if he don't come to before then.
My, but he's heavy as lead!"

"You gave him plenty of the drug?"

"Yes."

"Then he's all right. The driver will
stop most likely. I'll get out and then
you can go on down to the river."

"Yes, but there's a moon."

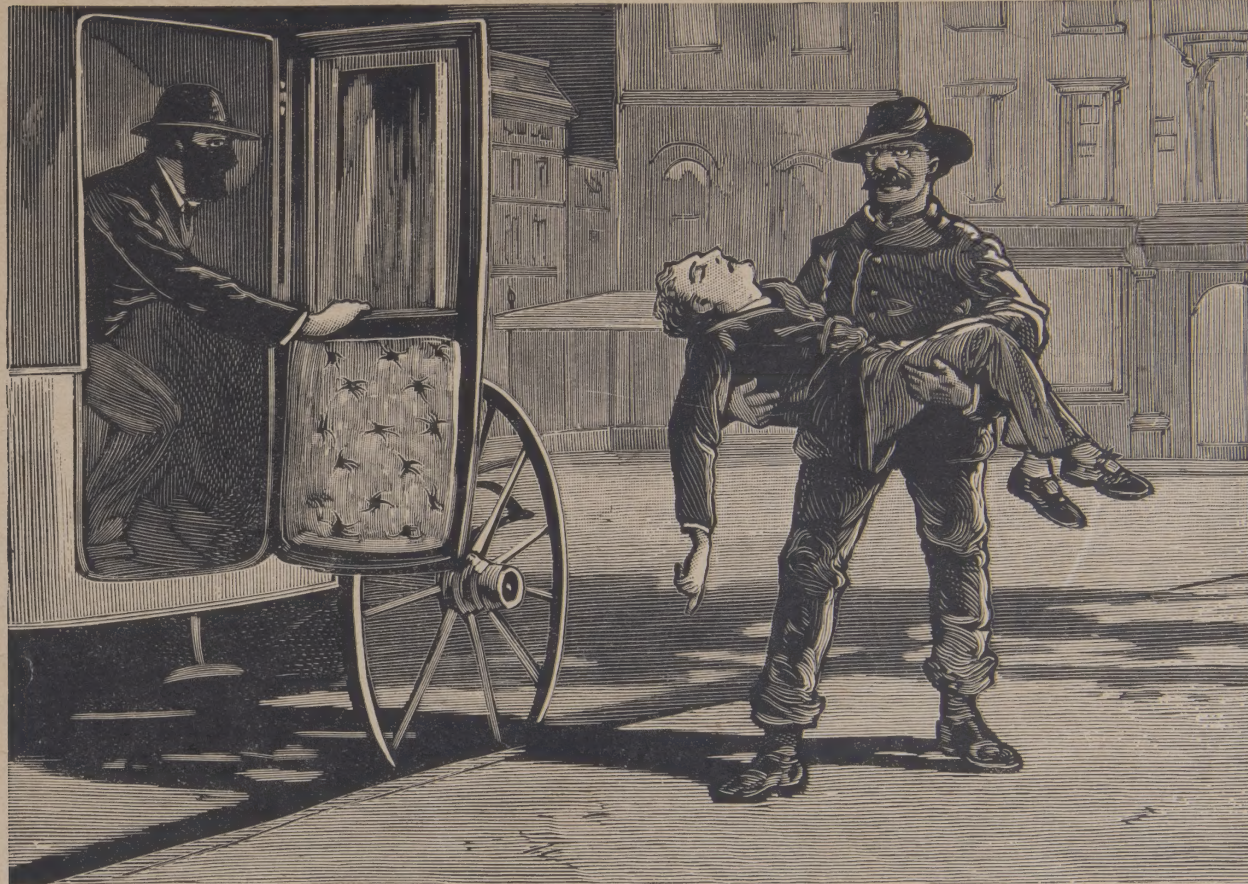
"That's so. That's too bad. We may
have to wait. I don't want him there with
my other visitor."

"Do you think you can work that job,
too?"

"Of course. I'm playing for high stakes,
Bill, and if you help me, you'll be rich."

"H'm! I s'pose so."

"If the old woman hadn't bolted, I could
have got her to help, but she's squeamish
about doing anything to this kid here."



"HERE YOU ARE, DICK," SAID THE ROUGHLY DRESSED FELLOW, APPROACHING THE CARRIAGE, "AND THE SOONER YOU GET
AWAY BEFORE CHARLEY FINDS OUT I'VE BUNCOED HIM, THE BETTER FOR BOTH OF US!" "THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
BILL," SAID MR. BAXTER HAMPTON, ALIAS COOL DICK. "PUT HIM IN AND GET IN YOURSELF."

and then when Dave did not come he grew
impatient.

"That's the woist I ever hoid of," he
remarked. "I didn't think Shiner'd go
back on a feller like that."

Then he began to think that maybe his
friend had been delayed, and he started
down Broadway to meet him.

He reached the street where the store
was situated, and turning down, soon
stood in front of it.

The store was closed, and everybody had
apparently left it.

"That's funny," he mused. "I couldn't
have missed him. I don't see through this
at all."

As he stood looking at the closed doors
his eye caught sight of a crumpled paper
near the door step, and he stooped me-
chanically and picked it up.

"Somebody's telegraph," he muttered,
smoothing it out. "Why, it's for Shiner!
I can make that much out, and—why,
what the deuce—Mrs. Peter Green! Why,
that's me mudder. What the deuce is she
telegraphin' to Dave for? Maybe she's
sick and—my! I'd better get home!"

Putting the message in his pocket, Pete
hurried home as fast as he could run, ar-
riving all in a perspiration.

The first person he saw was his mother.

"Hallo! Ain't you sick!"

"No, I ain't."

"Well, where's Shiner?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, what yer want to send for him
for?"

"I didn't."

"Didn't you send this?" and Pete pro-
duced the message.

"No, I didn't, and—why, I bet it's a plot
to get hold— Run right around to the
old house, Pete, and see if Dave is there."

again, and I'm just waiting for nuthin'.
I'd like to know if he's in there or not."

He finally asked the grocer on the corner
if the old woman had returned, or if he
had seen Dave.

"No," said the man, in answer to both
questions. "I didn't think Dave came
down this way any more. Don't he live
up-town now?"

"Soitantly, but he comes to my house
sometimes and—well, somebody's nabbed
him, that's all!"

He returned to the old house and watch-
ed it for a long time when, feeling hungry
and tired and out of patience, he mut-
tered:

"Ah, that's the woist! I don't believe
he come here at all. I can't find him and
I guess I better go home."

He left the house and had reached the
second or third street beyond when a car-
riage came rattling along, and he stopped
on the curb to let it go by.

* * *

A carriage drove closely through the
street where stood the house to which
Dave had been taken.

The lamps were not lighted, and the cur-
tains were drawn down over the win-
dows.

The driver seemed to be careless of seek-
ing employment, for he sat listlessly on his
box and looked neither to the right nor
the left.

Suddenly a slight tapping was heard on
the little window in front just behind him.

He brought his horses to a pause in an
instant.

The carriage stopped at the curb, a few
doors from a certain house, which appear-
ed to be more dark and deserted than any
of its neighbors.

and get in yourself. You'll make more
money out of this deal than you would if you
had let Dawson put the boy in the circus."

Bill Pidgeon lifted the unconscious Dave
into the carriage and placed him on the
rear seat, sitting next to him and support-
ing him with one hand.

Then the door was shut and the carriage
rattled off.

As it was whirling through a narrow
side street, and had nearly reached the in-
tersection of a wider one, the boy suddenly
fell forward.

Bill Pidgeon seized him, but at that mo-
ment the curtain, the cord of which had
been caught by the boy's hand, suddenly
flew up and Dave's pale face was revealed
at the window, the light of the moon shin-
ing full upon it.

A boy at the curb, waiting for the car-
riage to go by, uttered a startled exclaim-
ation.

"Heavens and oith, there's Shiner now!"

In an instant Dave was drawn back up-
on the seat and the shade was pulled down.

"Who was that?" whispered Baxter
Hampton.

"Dunno. Somebody who knows the kid
I guess."

"Hold him firm while I look out."

Resting his knee on the seat, Cool Dick
looked through the window in the rear and
saw a boy of about Dave's age running
after the carriage.

"H'm, one of the cub's bootblack
friends, I suppose," he muttered. "Well,
we'll soon leave him behind."

Then he rapped in a peculiar manner on
the front window.

The driver evidently understood what
was meant, for he whipped up his horses
and went dashing along the street at a ter-
rific pace.

"The old woman? What old woman?"
"Mother Harpy; you know her, don't you?"

"H'm? Yes, I've heard of her. She's pretty crooked, ain't she?"

"Crooked ain't no name for it. She's a wicked old witch. She never used to stop at murder, or anything else, and that's what makes it queer."

"What's queer?"

"Her crawling in the case of this kid. I thought she'd do the thing, but she got right out."

"Maybe she got fond of him, and hated to—"

"Rot! She was never fond of anything! More likely she knows who he is, and means to get a plum out of his folks for giving me away."

"Why, who is he?"

"He's the son of the rich Mr.—"

The carriage swung suddenly into a cross street, and the two plotters were thrown together with great violence.

"Blast that fellow's stupid head!" snarled Dick, whose hat had been driven down over his eyes, "what's the matter now?"

"We're in Nineteenth street, I guess," said Bill. "Who did you say the boy's father was?"

Dave had heard all that had passed between the two villains.

He had missed the name of his father, as Bill had done, however, and was not certain that Dick had pronounced it.

"Aha! that's my secret," said the abler scoundrel, in a soft, insinuating voice.

Dave started, and, to avoid detection, rolled from the seat to the floor.

"Blast the brat!" cried Dick, and at that minute the carriage stopped.

"You go to the river with him," continued Dick, opening the door, "while I—"

As he spoke he was thrown violently backward and fell upon Bill.

At the same instant Dave sprang out of the carriage and dashed down the street at full speed.

"Nixey Jim, you ain't got me, I don't think!" he cried, as he sped away.

"What in blazes are you doing?" growled Bill.

"Plague take the imp, he'll escape!" It was a few moments before the driver could be made to understand what had happened.

"Drive after the rascal, run him down!"

"Confound your blundering, Bill, you didn't give him enough of the drug."

"Did you want me to kill him?"

"Certainly; that's what you intended to do, didn't you?"

"Well, not that way. That'll come higher, as there's more—"

"Drive after the boy—catch him, you fool!" stormed Dick.

The man lashed his horses and started in pursuit of Dave.

The boy had had a good start, however, and before the carriage had gone half way to the next street he had disappeared.

"Not much, they don't get me," he muttered, as he turned the corner, ran down the dark side of the street, dodged into an alley and waited till the carriage had passed, when he came out and doubled on his tracks, passing the very house where the carriage had first halted.

"I ain't sure which one he was goin' to," he mused, "but it's one of them three. I'll just remember 'em 'cause I may want to spot Mr. Cool Dick or Mr. Baxter Hampton or Mr. Anything Else. I'm onto him now, and the first chance I get I'll smash him."

Hurrying from the place for fear he might yet be discovered and captured, Dave turned down the first avenue he came to and walked to Fourteenth street when he turned again, finally striking into a street running diagonally to the avenues and so saved considerable distance.

"I donno whether to go home or what," he mused. "It's late, I guess, and I ain't got any hat, and the folks will think it's queer and— Gee! I've a good mind to go down to the old house. Maybe I can get in after all."

Having come to this determination, the boy took the nearest way to the old house, resolving to see it once more, at all events, if he could not effect an entrance.

Suddenly as he reached a lighted corner he saw the woman Tillie standing near the street lamp.

"Why, there's Tillie!" he cried, darting forward.

"Tillie, don't you know me? It's little Dave, in the circus, you know, don't you remember?"

The woman looked at him with lusterless eyes, and muttered:

"Remember? Yes, I remember, but what is it? What do I remember?"

"Don't you remember me, Davy, the boy in the circus what you was so good to?"

"Davy!" repeated the woman, in a tone which showed that the name brought no remembrances. "Davy, who is Davy?"

"I'm Davy. Don't you know me, Tillie? Why, I knew you the minute—"

"Tillie! That's a pretty name. Who is Tillie? Is she nice?"

"Why, you're Tillie!"

"Am I?" said the other, expressing no surprise in either her tone or look.

"Yes, you're Tillie and I'm Dave, and I saw the man chuck you into the river, and—Gee!"

At the mention of the man and the river, Tillie suddenly gave an excited cry, and with a wild, hunted look on her face, fled before the boy could prevent her.

"Gee! I ortenter done that. I scared her away and I didn't mean ter do nuthin' o' the sort. Now I don't know where she lives and I don't suppose I could find her no more'n nuthin'."

The woman had disappeared as utterly as though the earth had swallowed her up, and Dave knew that it would be useless to try and find her now.

He went on his way accordingly, and in half an hour stood before the old house.

It was boarded up as before, but Dave found a loose plank over the cellar opening, and pushing it aside, dropped a few feet and groped his way along the wall.

"Lucky I knowed this way o' gettin' in," he mused. "If I didn't, I might go smashin' into suthin'. Wonder if that board was loose before? Never noticed it any way. H'm! I bet the old woman's come back. I hear something movin' around anyhow."

He had reached the foot of a flight of stairs, and ascending, pushed open a door and stepped out into a long hall as the light of a candle suddenly fell upon him.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE OLD HOUSE AGAIN.

"Who's that?" asked a sharp voice.

"It's me, missis; it's Dave," said the boy, who recognized the voice of his questioner.

The old woman herself came forward, leaning on her staff, and said:

"So-so, it's the boy come back, my Davy returned to the old house. I'm glad to see you—very glad. So you didn't forget your old mother, did you, Davy?"

"No," said Dave, "but I couldn't get in till to-night, the place was all nailed up."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, to be sure it was. I forgot to leave a plan, but maybe it was just as well. Come up-stairs, Davy; I want to talk to you."

The old woman led the way, holding the light above her head so that the boy could see, although this was totally unnecessary, as Dave could have found his way all over the old house in pitch darkness.

"And you've been here all the time, missis?" asked Dave, as he followed the queer old creature up the broad stairway.

"Yes, yes, I've been here. He, he! It was a clever trick. Ha, ha! They thought I'd run away, but I was here all the time. He, he!" and the old woman laughed in a cracked voice and plodded up the steps, resting on her staff when she reached the top, and holding the light for Dave.

"Wasn't that kind o' funny?" the latter asked. "You wasn't afraid of 'em, was you?"

"He, he, he! A clever trick that. I fooled 'em all. But it was wrong to lock you out, Davy—yes, that was not right," and the woman hobbled along till she reached the door of her room.

This she pushed open with her stick, turning her head as she entered to say:

"Come in, Davy—come in, boy. You're safe here and welcome. He, he, he! Yes, yes, I fooled them all. They thought I had run away. They thought I was afraid of them, but I wasn't. No, no! It wasn't them I was afraid of; it was myself."

She reached the chair by the table as she finished, put the candle in the bottle, and sat down.

"Sit down, my boy, take your old seat on the other side," she said. "Ha, ha, it's good to see you there once more. How fine you look. I knew you would. And so you've found good friends, have you, Davy, and you're in business, and there's a young lady who thinks you're a noble boy, and will do anything in the world for you. Aha! my boy, you're in luck, but it's no more than you deserve."

The boy looked at the queer old creature in amazement.

How did she know all that had happened when she had not seen him in nearly a month?

The woman evidently read the question in his face, for she said:

"Ha, ha! You wonder how I know all that, my boy? Ha! I know a good deal, Davy; a good deal, my boy. Well, well, it was wrong to lock you out, but perhaps it was right after all. I might have been tempted, I might have forgotten my good resolutions."

"What do you mean, missis?" asked Dave, in a frightened whisper. "You wouldn't have let that feller get me, would you?"

"I might have done it, boy—yes, yes, I might, and I was afraid of that. I wasn't sure how strong I was. I might have forgotten, but no, no, sit down, Davy, sit down, for the boy had arisen from his seat."

"You wouldn't do that, would you, missis?"

"No, no, not now, Davy, not now. Sit down; you are safe with me. No one shall harm a hair of your head. I would kill them first!" and the old woman looked so determined that Dave still felt somewhat alarmed.

"That feller didn't come here to find me first off, did he?" he asked presently.

"No, he came on other business. I am a wicked old woman, my boy, a woman who has blood on her hands, innocent blood, but I would die a hundred deaths before I would let any one harm you!"

"I have been bad, Davy, I have plotted against the lives of others, I have robbed and murdered and sworn falsely, these are sins, and sins upon my head enough to bury me deep in the bottomless pit, enough to sink me in perdition forever, but nothing could tempt me now to give you up or to let any harm come to you through me."

"What does any one want to hurt me for? I never done anybody any harm."

"No, you have not, but you are rich, you stand in others' light, they will be rich if you are dead, and I could have helped them, but I wouldn't, no, not if all my evil life was forgiven me and I could live in Paradise."

"But I ain't rich, missis," said Dave. "I'm just workin' along, gettin' a livin', and I don't see what any one—"

"Yes, you are, boy, yes, you are, you are the son of a rich gentleman. You will one day have everything that you can wish."

"H'm! Crazy as ever," muttered the boy, under his breath. "They're all crazy, the old woman, Tillie, and all!"

"No, it's the truth," said the old woman. "You are a rich man's son I tell you."

"Who is he, missis?"

The old woman shook her head.

"Ha! that's the part of the secret I haven't found out."

"Then you didn't know I was anybody when I came here?"

"Oh, yes, I did, boy, yes, I did. I knew you were a gentleman. I knew you would never lie and steal and cheat and I never tried to make you."

"But you didn't know who I was?"

"No; and I don't know yet, though I know now that you are a rich man's son and that he is alive and that you are in somebody's way."

"What has Cool Dick gotter do with it, missis?" asked Dave, looking fixedly at the old woman.

"He is a bad man, Davy, a dangerous, treacherous villain. Beware of him. Keep your pocket and your other treasures safe, boy, never let them out of your possession. Some day they will be the means of getting you your own again."

"You bet I'll keep 'em, missis, and I ain't afraid of Cool Dick neither. I know something about him that'll fix him if the cops ever catch him!"

"And Tillie," said the woman. "She is still clouded in her mind. She can tell you nothing, Dave, boy."

"Why, how in the dickens did you know that? I haven't seen you for a month, and—"

"Find her, Davy, watch her; some day she may regain her reason."

"Yes, but it's not so easy to find her, missis. What did Cool Dick want to drown her for? Does she know who I am?"

"Yes."

"Did Dick tell you that?"

"I found it out, Davy, I found it out, but you are tired and need rest. Go to sleep, you will find your old room ready. There's a candle on the table. Go to sleep, boy, you need rest."

"Good-night, missis," said the boy, arising. "I don't believe you're a bad old woman at all. I always told 'em you wasn't and I always will. I'll try and sleep, but I'm as wide awake as a fox. Good-night."

The old woman said nothing, but sat slowly moving her head to and fro, and Dave went away muttering to himself:

"H'm, crazy as a loon I'll bet, but anyhow she's been good to me, and that's all I want to know."

He fell asleep almost directly he lay down, despite his belief that he would remain awake.

In the morning he found a hat on the table to replace the one he had lost.

The old woman's room was vacant when he went down, and he left the house by the way he had entered without seeing her.

"It's deuced funny," he thought. "I can't make it out at all. Gee! I better go and see Pete. I bet he wondered why I didn't meet him last night."

He found the Greens at their breakfast, and Mrs. Green made him sit down and eat while she plied him with numerous questions.

He told of his being decoyed, of being drugged, of having heard the men talking about him and his escape, but said nothing about Mother Harpy.

"Well, I'm glad you got away from the villains," said Mrs. Green, "and they orter be arrested, and I just hope they will, too, and be sent to jail for life, yes, and longer, the scoundrels!"

Dave finally left the house and went to the store where he did his work as usual,

returning to his boarding house in the evening.

His landlady was puzzled to know why he had not been in the night before, but the boy said that he had been detained, and the woman seemed satisfied.

After supper he went up to the Wintertons', being admitted by Martin, who seemed surprised to see him, and said:

"Why, Mr. David, I thought you was hurt, sir! Our young lady and Mr. Hamilton Wardrake has gone down to the hospital to see you and—"

"Miss Mattie has gone with that feller, Martin?" cried Dave.

"Yes, the young lady was very much disturbed about it, and the gentleman offered to go with her because Mr. Carstone was not on hand and—"

The man was talking to the air, for with an angry cry on his lips, Dave had suddenly sped down the steps muttering to himself:

"It's another put-up job, but if that villain hurts her the least bit I'll kill him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T FAIL TO READ THE GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF HAPPY DAYS.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN HAPPY DAYS WILL BE BEYOND COMPARISON.

ON

The Night of the 9th

OR,

OLD KING BRADY AND THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER SEEN.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE,

Author of "Brady, Greene and Sleuth," "The Two Stars," "Old King Brady and the Ventriloquist Banker," "The Great Death Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

JESSE JAMES ON TOP.

"QUICK! I must run him out of this, boys! True as you live, we have made a big haul!"

"Bah! there you go again! What in the name of sense do we want of Jesse James, I'd like to know?"

It was the man Oliver Dole who objected to Mr. Bat Barnacle's assertion that in the capture of Jesse James the convict gang had made a big haul.

Jesse, bleeding somewhat and apparently unconscious, had just been brought into the old factory by one door, as Bat Barnacle and Oliver Dole brought in Nat Peters in a similar condition at the other.

"I say we want him!" cried Barnacle. "Boys, put him in the boat."

"You'd better look out for his pals then, for the town is full of them," growled the man who had Jesse by the feet.

"Any more outside?" demanded Barnacle. "One was. We shot him."

"Who?"

"Dunno."

"I'll look! I know them all. Drop him in the boat double quick time."

"And this boy?" demanded Dole. "Goes too."

"Good! I see you've looked out for the money."

"You bet!"

"Ha! Ha! You never go back on that?"

"Never! To work! Do we want the whole town down upon us with the James Boys to boot?"

Thus saying, Bat Barnacle stole out of the side door through which Jesse had been brought in.

He no longer appeared in his convict's dress, however.

A rough suit of clothes covered it. But the stripes were beneath the clothes.

For this Bat Barnacle was a peculiar fellow.

Once he made up his mind to do a certain thing, he invariably did it.

Nothing ever turned him from his purpose.

He had sworn to marry Camille Winters in his convict's suit, and he meant to carry out his purpose.

Such was the man who now looked out the door upon the street where Jesse had made that sudden dash.

But there was no one near the door. Jesse, catching sight of the two men peering out from the old factory, made that fatal dash.

His idea was that these were the men who had blown up the bank.

He thought to intimidate them.

But Jesse struck the wrong kind when he tackled Bat Barnacle's gang.

Probably Clegg Miller realized this.

For Clell, after firing three shots and being fired at in return, beat a hasty retreat, taking Siroc with him.

Bat Barnacle saw him turn the corner by the ruins of the bank.

The convict darted back into the building. The men inside had disappeared.

Rushing to the door by which he had entered Barnacle found them as he had expected in the boat.

Jesse lay apparently unconscious in the bottom.

Nat Peters lay beside him in the same condition.

Everything was ready for a start. Bat Barnacle leaped into the boat.

Oliver Dole had already taken up one pair of oars, and Barnacle now took up the other.

And the boat shot away up the creek and soon was lost from view among the trees.

Until then not a word was spoken. Loud shouts now broke behind them. Horses could be heard crashing through the bushes.

"They're after us!" breathed Oliver Dole.

"Let 'em come!" growled Barnacle. "Ha! Ha! Yes, let 'em come!" said Oliver Dole.

"They'll never get through the swamp." "Never!"

"We're as safe as though we were a thousand miles away."

"Unless they can get another boat."

"Which they can't."

"Of course they can't and—hello! The boy has come to his senses!"

"B'gosh, yes! Jesse James looks as though he was dead."

At this instant Nat raised himself and looked wildly around.

"Hold up there; take it cool!"

And to assist Nat in taking it cool Bat Barnacle thrust a cocked revolver full in his face.

"What—where—where am I?" gasped Nat, staring wildly around.

"You seem to be here in this boat just at present," growled the convict.

"Heavens! You are Bat Barnacle!"

"Well, I am. Where's Camille?"

"I—I don't know!"

"You lie! Tell me!"

"Nol! Never!"

"Oh, but you will!"

"I will not! Never, Bat Barnacle! You can't scare me into it either."

"Do you say so? Now, then!"

Suddenly Bat Barnacle bent forward and clutched Nat by the throat.

At the same time he thrust the revolver into the boy's mouth.

"Answer or you die!" he hissed. "One—two!"

Crack!

Whack!

Thud!

Splash!

Suddenly there came a change in the situation of affairs in the boat.

With amazing quickness the bandit king sprang upright.

With the revolver, which he grasped in his right hand, he fired at Bat Barnacle.

With his left he struck Oliver Dole a backhander which sent that worthy sprawling backward.

One of the other men got it with the butt of the revolver.

The fourth Jesse grappled with and lifted bodily, throwing him into the creek.

"Quick! help me, boy, and the boat is ours!" he breathed.

Nat lost no time in obeying.

He flung himself upon Oliver Dole who was trying to rise.

"Hold him—hold him!" breathed Jesse.

He caught Barnacle, who was trying to get up.

With that wonderful strength of arm which he had so often exhibited, he flung the convict after his companion.

Splash!

"Save me! save me!"

Splash!

Ben Barnacle was still shouting when Jesse flung the man whom he had knocked out after him.

There was now no one left but Oliver Dole, who was struggling furiously with Nat.

"Quick—help me!" gasped the boy. "I can't hold him any longer!"

"No! I want this one!" cried Jesse.

He caught up the revolver and struck Oliver Dole over the head.

This ended the fight.

Jesse produced a strong cord and tied the fellow's hands and then his legs.

But Oliver Dole never moved.

"You've killed him!" gasped Nat.

"No! And if yes, no matter. Take up the oars, boy. We've won! You stand by me and I'll stand by you!"

Poor Nat!

He gazed at his new-found friend in terror.

For Nat knew him, and there was the money bag where Barnacle had left it in the bottom of the boat.

"Take up the oars!" roared Jesse.

"What the blazes! Do you want me to do you up too?"

Nat caught up the oars in a hurry. His head was bursting.

His limbs trembled.

But these things were not to be considered now.

Jesse now turned the boat and in silence they shot on down the creek.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FALLING OF THE SAFE.

"There they go!"

"There they go!"

From the crowd who had gathered in front of the hotel at Littleford the shout went up.

All were looking in the direction of the wrecked bank building further down the street.

For the mounted men who had suddenly appeared in the quiet little town had just as suddenly taken their departure.

When the explosion came the townspeople rushed to the bank.

For a few moments they mingled with the outlaws freely enough as we know.

Nor would there have been any trouble if Clell Miller, followed by Siroc with the empty saddle, had not come dashing into their midst.

"Frank! Frank! Jess is shot and captured!" Clell was shouting as he came up.

Rapid questions and loud words followed.

Frank heard what Clell was saying, but some of the boys only heard a part.

Just how it happened will never be known.

A shot was fired.

Somebody yelled James Boys!

Then all in an instant the outlaws turned on the crowd.

Before Frank could check them the boys began firing.

The crowd fled back, up Main street, coming to a halt before the hotel.

"Stop! Stop it, you fools!" yelled Frank.

"Don't you understand what Clell says? 'Tain't these fellows who have captured Jess. Forward! Let her go!"

Then following the lead of Frank and Clell, the gang wheeled around the corner and went dashing down toward the old factory where Jesse's capture had occurred.

Then it was that the cry went up from the crowd in front of the hotel.

"They won't go far in that direction, unless they take to the swamp," said the landlord.

"Which they won't do," said the butcher.

"Them's the James Boys! They'll clean us out! We want to arm and defend ourselves!" yelled the blacksmith.

"Here they come!" cried a small boy, the same instant.

For the sound of approaching horsemen was heard at the top of the hill.

"Them's not the same ones!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Gosh all hemlock!" shouted the harness maker, "it's another gang!"

Down the hill the new-comers came dashing.

They were six in number.

Four were evidently native Missourians, and looked as though they might be lumbermen or something of that sort.

In the other two who rode in the lead, the Littlefordians recognized no one they had ever seen before.

For which reason we shall have to state at once that they were Old King Brady and Carl Greene.

This was all the force the detectives could rally after the defeat at the Bendigo Bridge.

As for the others of Carl's party, some took to their heels and were not seen again.

A few were wounded in the battle with the James Boys and remained at the scene of the wrecked train to await the arrival of the doctors who had been telegraphed for.

Delivering the money stolen from the express car into the hands of the conductor, the detectives with the small force set out to follow up the James Boys.

They were not a little chagrined to learn that they had arrived just too late.

"Raise us ten strong, determined fellows and we'll follow up these bank wreckers for you, gentlemen!" Old King Brady cried, after considerable discussion and explanation had been indulged in.

"The James Boys never blowed up the bank!" said the butcher, who was also mayor of the town.

"What! I thought you said they did?" exclaimed Old King Brady, looking toward the wrecked building.

"No, no!"

"I understood it so," said Carl Greene.

"No, no!"

"Who, then?" asked Old King Brady.

"I dunno. I expect it was the cashier."

"What!"

"Yes!"

"Who is the cashier?"

"Name of Barnacle—John Barnacle."

"Where is he?"

"That's more'n we know, boss. We've

been to his house, and we've sarched the ruins, but we can't find hide nor hair of him."

"Was there much money in the bank?"

"They do say there was about twenty-five thousand dollars."

"How's the safe?"

"Busted!"

"Greene, we had better look into this before we go any further."

"I agree with you; but look here."

Carl drew Old King Brady to one side.

"You go, or let me go, Brady, but don't let's both go."

"Why not?"

"Because one of us wants to keep an eye on those men."

"Our men?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Because they are sick of this business, and I'm satisfied they mean to desert if we don't raise a larger force in this town."

"Which we will."

"Which we won't, and I'll bet on it."

"And why?"

"Why? Because these hayseeds ain't got spunk enough to go on the chase of the James Boys."

"I'll go down to the bank alone. You stay with the men," Old King Brady replied.

It was so arranged.

But Old King Brady was not allowed to go to the bank alone by any means.

With him went the butcher, the harness maker, the blacksmith, and four or five others.

In company with these men Old King Brady started for the bank.

"You can't get in there nohow," declared the mayor, when they reached the ruins.

"No? Well see about that," replied Old King Brady, surveying the wreck.

But it was by no means an easy undertaking.

The rear wall of the bank was still standing.

The upper wall had fallen outward, while the lower wall had taken the opposite direction and tumbled in.

The big truss which supported the roof had come crashing down on one side, leaving a space into which Old King Brady managed to crawl, for the floor in the rear still remained intact, and they could see the end of the big safe, which seemed to have been tilted over and twisted around.

What Old King Brady wanted to see first of all was the safe.

He crawled in under the truss.

Those who watched him could see him come up with the safe and pass around it out of sight.

Suddenly a loud cry rang out through the ruins.

But it was not in the detective's voice.

"Look out there!"

These were the words which rang out. At the same instant those who watched saw the rear wall tumble outward.

Down went the big safe with it.

The crash was deafening.

A cloud of dust rose from the wreck as the watchers drew back with one general cry of horror.

But they looked in vain for the reappearance of the detective.

Old King Brady gave no signs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NAT'S BOLD DASH FOR FREEDOM.

"Boy, who are you?"

Bending his beetle brows upon Nat Peters, Jesse James put the question as the boat shot on down the creek.

"My names is Nat Peters."

"Nat Peters, eh? Don't know you, yet it seems to me as though I'd seen you before."

"Like enough."

"You know me?"

"I think so."

"Well, who am I?"

"I s'pose you are Jesse James."

"Well, I used to be. You thought I was dead?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha! It's hard to kill Jesse James, and don't you forget it."

"But you were wounded. You have been bleeding."

"A mere scratch on the shoulder. I lost my senses for a moment, but that was the result of a fall from my horse—not from the wound."

"Oh!"

"Yes. And you?"

"I was hit over the head with a club. I wonder I'm alive at all, it aches so."

"What! the club?"

"I was talking about my head."

"Well, keep it clear. You'll want it before you're through with me. What's in that bag there at your feet?"

Nat's heart sank.

"I'm sure I don't know," he stammered.

It seemed to him the safest thing to deny all knowledge of the bag.

"Open it and let's see," ordered Jesse.

"Ship your oars and open the bag."

There was nothing for it but to obey.

It would have been amusing under other

circumstances to see Jesse's eyes open when he saw the money in the bag.

"Jerusalem! That's what them fellows stole from the bank!" he exclaimed.

"No, it hain't, Jess!" spoke a voice behind Nat.

It was Oliver Dole.

"Hello, you've waked up, have you?" cried Jesse.

"Yes, I have. It will take more'n one blow with the butt of your pistol to put me to sleep so that I won't wake again, Jesse James."

"So I reckon. I know you, Oliver Dole."

"I reckon you do, Jess."

"And Bat Barnacle, too."

"I reckon!"

"I reckon you were both kicked out of my band after a month's trial, as a pair of snoozers not worth the powder to blow you to blazes."

"Waal, mebbe."

"Sure! And now!"

"Now I want you to let up on me, Jess."

"And you'll tell me where the money stolen from the bank is?"

"I will."

"Ha, it's like you to go back on your friends!"

"Is it a bargain?"

"Yes with the understanding that you die if you attempt to play me false."

"Which I shan't do. Set me free and I'll take you to the place."

"What place?"

"The cave."

"What cave?"

"The cave where the money is hidden."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very. But it's the other way."

"And what money is this in the bag?"

"You'd better ask that boy."

Jesse shot one look at Nat.

"You've lied to me! I know you now!" he said.

But he said no more on the subject after that, much to Nat's relief.

For a moment he rowed on in silence.

The truth was he had been waiting and listening, hoping to hear something of the gang on the thickly wooded shore.

But there was no sign.

Should he try it?

Jesse concluded to do so.

He had known Oliver Dole in the past and he believed the fellow spoke the truth.

He therefore turned the boat and ordered Nat to continue rowing.

"Ain't you going to set me free?" demanded Oliver Dole.

"Not till I see that cave, you bet," retorted Jesse.

The prisoner gave a growling response.

For fully ten minutes no word was spoken, the boat moving steadily on.

They had now passed the point where Jesse had turned on his captors.

Oliver Dole looked this way and that.

"You want to pull in there by that big stump," he said, at length.

It was done.

Upon reaching the stump it was found that an arm of the creek ran in under the bushes which hung so low over the water as to almost conceal the opening.

"Pull in there!" said Oliver Dole.

"Where?" asked Jesse, turning around to look for the hidden way.

"Look out! The boy!" yelled Oliver Dole, at the same instant.

But there was no need to warn Jesse. He heard the crash among the bushes.

For Nat Peters saw his chance and took it.

Brave Nat.

The instant Jesse's head turned he grasped the oars, seized the bag and made one leap into the bushes.

"Come back! Blame you, come back!" bawled Jesse.

Cr

OBLIGING THE FAMILY.

By "ED."

AMONGST my relatives is a red-headed cousin, aged seven. The family consider him as but little below the level of the angels, but I don't. I have my reasons, owing to a trial which I had with the little villain the other day, which the same I will proceed to narrate. It came to pass the other morning that my respected grandmother read a long article about the necessity of vaccination to ward off small-pox. She peered over her gold-rimmed spectacles at my cousin, whose name is Richard. "Richard," said she, "how old are you?" "Nine," answered he. "When were you vaccinated?" "Don't know," answered Richard. "Not since you was a baby, I suppose?" "Not as I know."

My grandmother frowned at the family in general and my aunt in particular. "Dorothea," said she, "I am ashamed of you?" "What for?" meekly asked my aunt. "Not having the child vaccinated. Children should be vaccinated every seven years."

"Yes, mother."

"He must be vaccinated at once to escape the pest. The paper says so."

My aunt looked resigned.

"All right," said she, "if you say so, mother, why, of course he must be."

The conversation had caused Richard to prick up his ears.

"What is being vaccinated, grandma?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, blandly, "it's real nice for little boys. It keeps you from catching the small-pox."

"Who does it?"

"The doctor."

That scared Richard.

"I ain't going to be vaccinated," he said.

"Why?" asked grandmother.

"Because it will hurt."

"No, it won't."

"But what will they do to me?"

"I'll give you five cents."

"But what will the doctor do?"

"Just scratch you on your arm with a lancet, and put a little vaccine in the scratch."

"What's vaccine?"

"Something real nice."

"Does it hurt?"

"No."

Richard looked dubious. But he finally compromised.

"Say," he said, "if you'll gimme a quarter and let me play with the little niggers up the alley I'll go. But I want to go with 'Ed.'"

This was an unexpected compliment. But I discerned his object. He knows my gentleness, and is equally well aware that I am of a good-natured disposition and capable of being imposed upon.

Of course I, to keep in with the family, had to acquiesce. I don't own the whole house and sometimes I feel it convenient to default in my board and keep on defaulting.

So I consented. Richard began his comicalities almost as soon as we were fairly started.

The dungeon of the fiend who vaccinates was but a few blocks off, but Richard made me take a car.

The doctor was not very distinguished. In fact, he contracts as it were by the joblot and includes servant girls and all into the family.

"Say, 'Ed,'" said Richard, "I guess I won't go after all."

"Why not?"

"It might hurt."

"Did not I tell you it would not?"

"But it might."

"I'll give you twenty cents."

Richard made the tears well up in his eyes.

A motherly old lady who sat next to him noticed the weeping.

"What's the matter, my son?" asked she.

"Nothing," he answered, with a stifled sigh, but regarding me all the while as if I was some fabled ogre.

"Speak up, sonny, don't be afraid."

Richard did speak up.

With a vengeance.

"I—I don't want to go with my cousin," stated he.

"Because why? Don't let him terrorize you."

Richard did not.

"I don't want to go."

"Go where?"

"To the doctor's."

"What for?"

"To get vaccinated."

At the sound of the word "vaccinated," the other passengers pricked up their ears.

"What was that you said, young man?" asked a fat gentleman.

"Nothing, sir."

"But you did. I distinctly heard the word vaccinated. Why are you going to be vaccinated? Have you been exposed to the small-pox?"

"I—I think so."

Richard spoke in so loud a tone that everybody else in the car could hear him besides the fat gentleman.

All were attention.

Newspapers were dropped and eyeglasses wiped to glare at us more freely.

People rose to their feet, and one old lady nearly pulled the bell-rope in two with the curved handle of her fifty-cent umbrella.

"Conductor!" she cried.

"What is it, madam?" he asked.

"I want to get out—and, conductor?"

"Yes'm."

"I intend to sue the company."

"What for?"

"Allowing people to catch the small-pox."

"How have I?"

"Letting that boy"—pointing at Richard—"ride. He is on the way to the doctor's now, I believe. Are you not?"

Richard pulled in his horns a little.

"Maybe," he avowed with a cheerful candor that made him friends at once, "I might be mistaken. I was in a house the other night where one of the kids had the measles."

There was a well equipped Irish lady sitting opposite us.

That is, well equipped in regard to progeny.

She had three.

All running at the nose and otherwise forming a cheerful family group.

She did not arise from her seat.

Instead she jumped.

"The maysles!" she bawled, "and me wid foive more small childer in arums!"

She signaled the conductor.

"Come here, me laddybuck," entreated she, "I wud a wurruid wid ye."

The conductor was a slim.

"Yes'm," sighed he, meekly.

"What do ye mane?"

"By what?"

"Exposing me childer to the maysles."

Her mien was so formidable that the conductor weakened.

He probably had an anticipation that he would be toyed with unpleasantly if he did not. He actually gave back her fare, and she bounced out.

The conductor began to think that it was about time to get rid of Richard.

He came up to me.

"See here, young fellow," he asked, "are you with that kid?"

"Yes," I owned.

"Well, you'll have to skip."

"What for?"

"This car ain't an ambulance, and we can't carry kids that ought to be in the hospital."

His speech was applauded. The passengers glared at me. "Put him out!" "It's outrageous!" "He ought to be arrested!" "Call a policeman!" The conductor felt encouraged at these evidences of support. "You'll have to git," he declared. There was no help for it, and Richard and I left the car. It is always more agreeable to leave of your own free will than to get bounced out. Well, to make a short sketch shorter, Richard got vaccinated and howled like a fiend all the while. I will take him out again with me—in my mind.

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